July 23, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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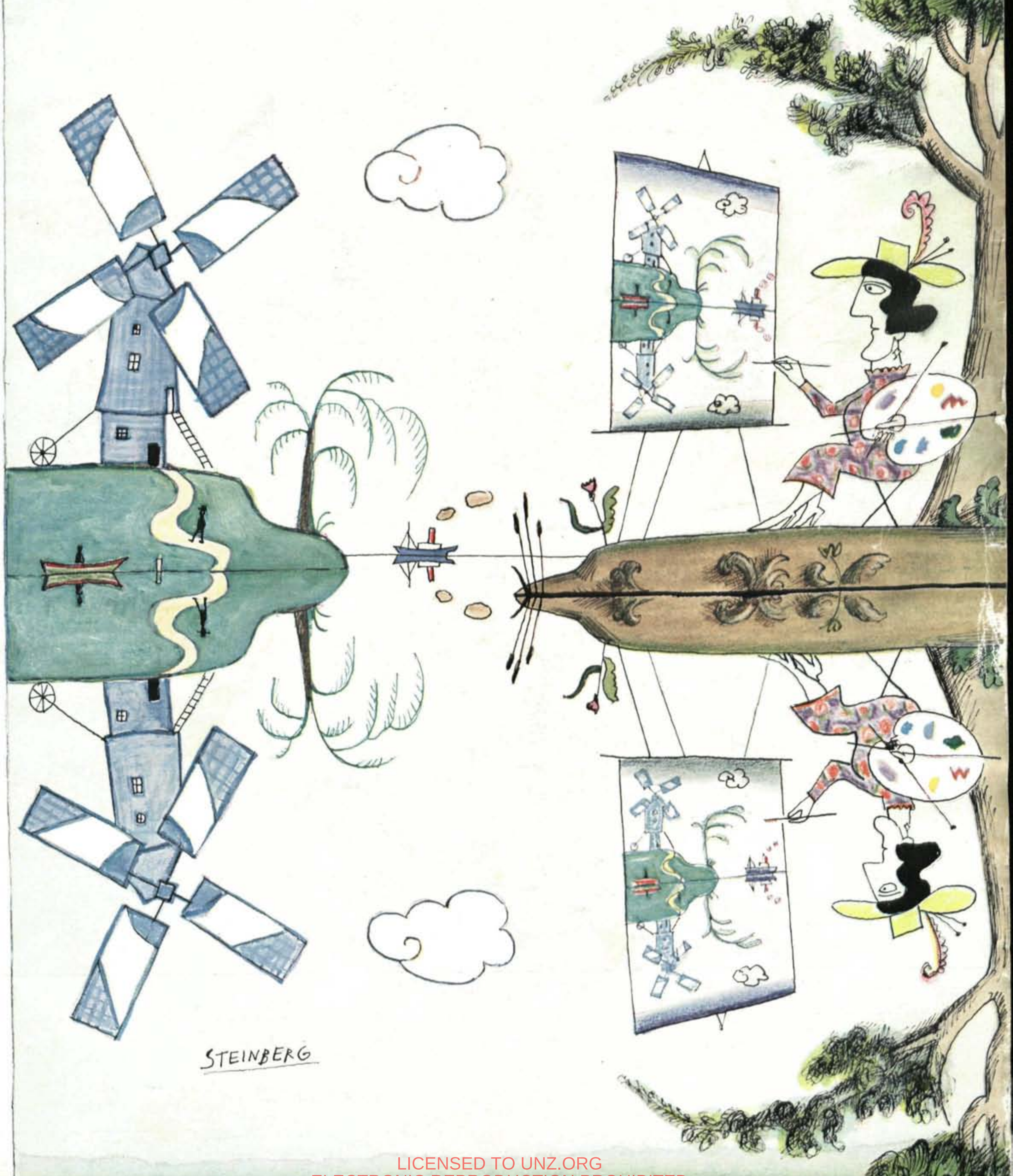

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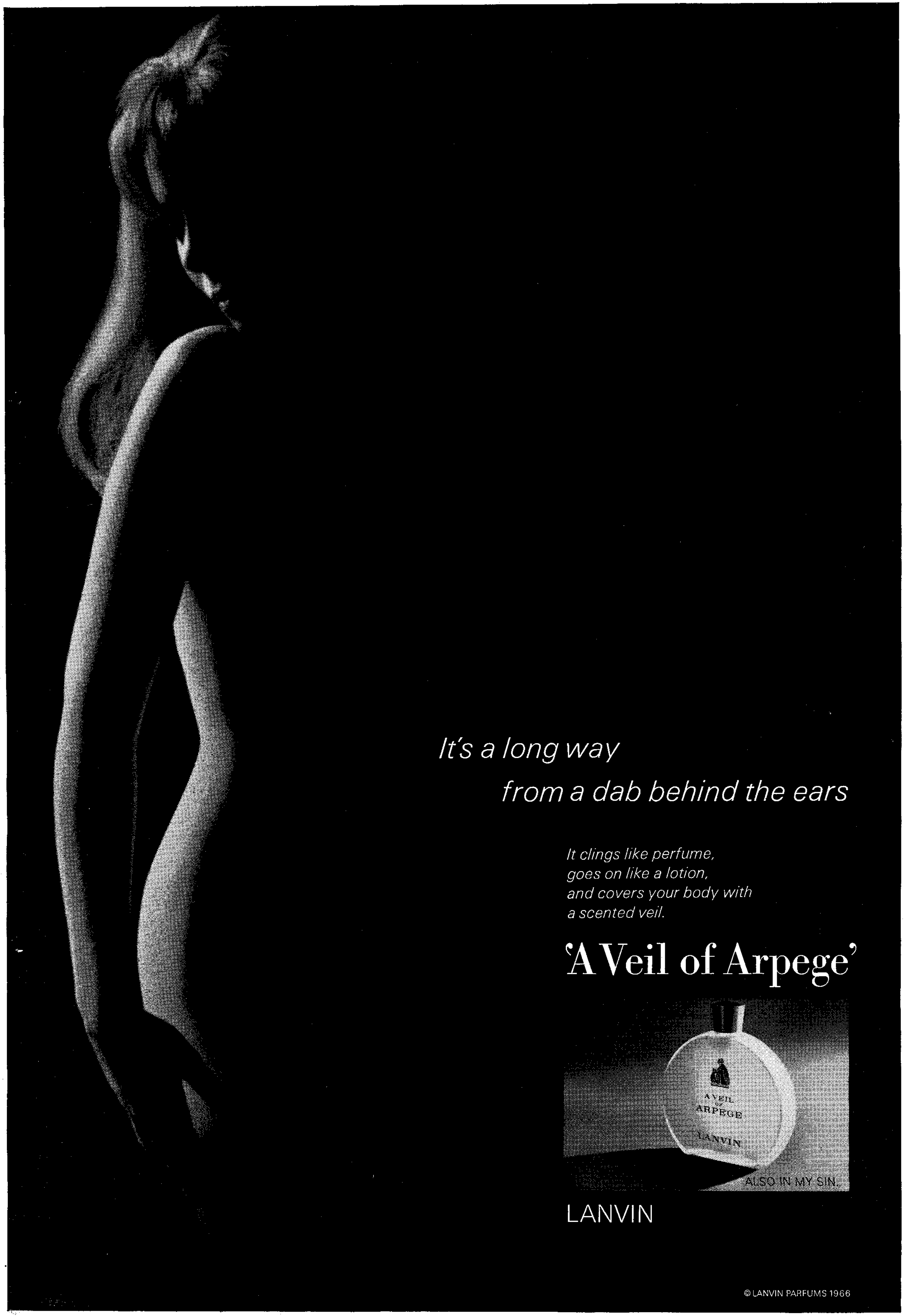
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

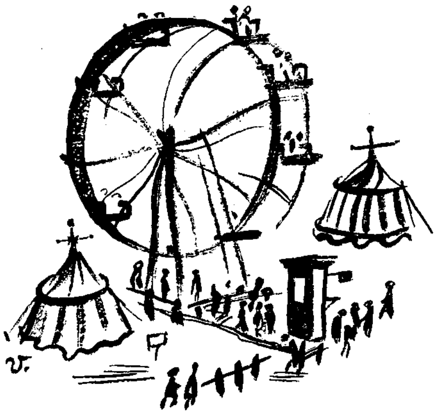
Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Alan King plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 21, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Nell Gwyn. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 23, at 3 and 8:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 3 and 7:30 and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 28-29, at 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 3 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Until the Monkey Comes. . .—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Shepperd Strudwick, Barbara Baxley, and Tom Aldredge. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, MARDI GRAS!, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco, who gives his songs a good, lively show-business touch, and Charlie Manna, a wit whose slings and arrows are usually fortunate, sometimes owlishly outrageous, are in the Royal Box. On Monday, July 25, they make way for Kaye Stevens, a hearty, you-live-only-once singer and talker who is not bad company, and for humorist Ronnie Martin. The players go on at dinner and supper, but the whole evening is the range of the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No music on Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band has made it to New York, all the way from the coral strand of East Coast Florida, and settled into the restaurant. It disports itself Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight to closing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for the occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jean Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan, one of the handsomer pairs among the younger marrieds. They are vocal, too, as anyone who views them at ten o'clock in the evening will find out. Fridays and Saturdays, they are on hand at nine and eleven-thirty. On Wednesday, July 27, a new regime commences—Lainie Kazan, a strapping child who was usually a bridesmaid, rarely a bride, as understudy when Barbra Streisand was a funny girl on Broadway.

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Quantities of dance music will continue to issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Milt Shaw's new orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine Sundays through Thursdays, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Every night but Sunday, there is dancing on a mythical green around a mythical maypole. The music runs from nine to one, and the English Grill stays open late for anyone who needs nourishment.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Breathes there a soul with feet so dead that they cannot come both to life and the dance floor at the urging of the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, now conducted by Lee Castle, and including those trusty minions named Bob Eberly and Helen Forrest. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Hardly a night on Bald Mountain, for this hillock is rife with décor, though of great decorum. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band never cease fire. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The only call of the wild that issues from the leafy bower outside the castle walls is produced by Phil Wayne's band and a conglomeration of Latin musicians, who chortle from eight to one in the outdoors every night. Everybody into the castle if it rains.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

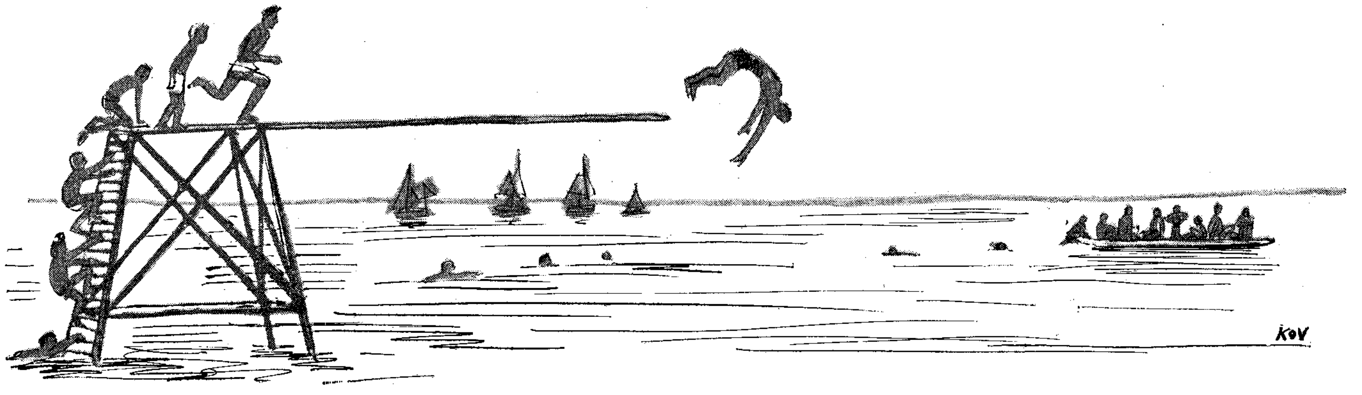
Note—**Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach through this community center, there is dance floor galore, populated by citizenry indulging in such old-fashioned virtues as the fox trot and the one-step. The music (two bands, no waiting) is equally galore. Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). The dining, by the way, is no more than snack. Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias) serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week and from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday, when another crew sets to as early as five-thirty and stays on until nearly midnight. . . . **Charlie Bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Ernie Kemm, banging away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is the Menfolk, singing music of the Shattering Sixties. The bustle begins around seven, and lasts and lasts right through the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **Bell's,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

Note—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as to menu. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and goes on until three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. The St. Peter at the gate is not easily outflanked. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people—the Brotherly Loves—who are there from Tuesday through Thursday each week. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèque music is the mother of invention, and the work of the house dancers is proof of this pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor is very much else. Come as you are, and come young.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, which offers the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi. He is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, Kurt Maier plies a piano with all sorts of goodies, most of them Viennese. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, are helped along by Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening until after the theatre every night but Sunday, as well as by songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who is on approximately the same shift every night but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and a brisk evening it is. Among the strollers is the brigade of peregrinating performers—violin music, though not for Rome to burn to. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Paula Wayne, a young oriole, is the leading lady now; Mal Lawrence is the vaudevillian of the evening; the Copa ballerinas are in their permanent state of decorativeness and wondering what step comes next. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Any carnival called "Oriental Phantasy" should require a belly dancer, and the management, seining a profession whose practitioners are mostly no great shakes, has come up with Nai Bonet, who is. The rest is a bachelor's dream—three girls to every man. On the whole, they are girls of a hands-(and legs)-across-the-Pacific variety. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Seeing is simply not believing. What the little ones who live in this hanging garden of Babylon are up to is a costume ball the like of which, etc. Three bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining.

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CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk is bringing about a reprise of life in the long-lost Ruban Bleu, involving (along with himself as compere) such experienced tomfoolers as Charlotte Rae (words, music) and Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, two gratefully received gifts from Cambridge University. The pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements are the orchestra. Nine-thirty and onward, except Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two on Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current revue, "Below the Belt," is made up of skits from earlier Upstairs revues. Richard Blair is the most experienced of the squadron of five performers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The current idea is hors-d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A segment of Cuba Libre, now happily dealing with the quicker-than-the-eye footwork of Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español. They deploy at dinner and supper every night, and three times on Saturday. The short reign of this troupe ends on Monday, July 25.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The strangest thoughts enter the heads of Thelonious Monk and Mose Allison, and they emerge at the fingertips of these two very special pianists. Each one has a small detachment of fellow-workers. Saturday, July 23, is the final night for the Monks; the Allisons stay on, to be joined, on Tuesday, July 26, by the foursome of Coleman Hawkins. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, which is open every night but Monday, there is music, modernist and coruscating, by Dave Pike's triad and Ron di Salvio's duo. Sunday afternoons (five to nine), the Jazz Interactions play urgent coffee-and-cakes music. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Herbie Mann's flute serves as gadfly obbligato to his octet, and an outfit known as Muddy Waters and the Blues Band makes plenty of presumably necessary noise. Mondays, Symphony Sid's collection of Latin jazz musicians are in charge. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee and whose bent is our folkways. Jake Holmes, the leader of the pack, does not take it with complete seriousness. Another character is guitarist José Feliciano; the rest are the Uncalled-For 3, who are beginning humorists. On Wednesday, July 27, the folksters named the Pair Extraordinaire will replace Mr. Feliciano. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): At a deer crossing in the thickly forested downtown warehouse enclave, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, joint owners of a quintet, engage in friendly bicker and banter. Friday through Sunday, July 22-24, Jimmy Rushing (it is nice to know) will add his joyous voice to the clamor. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): John Hicks' quartet is the current pleader for the new way of life, and Betty Carter is the caroller. On Mondays, another band fills in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is available. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a healthy bunch of the boys, such as Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Ray Bryant, Cliff Leeman, and Ruby Braff. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gently during dinner, fast-and-furiously after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown. The sawdust on the floor, the foam on the beer are stirred at the moment by Yusef Lateef's inside-the-inside quintet. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

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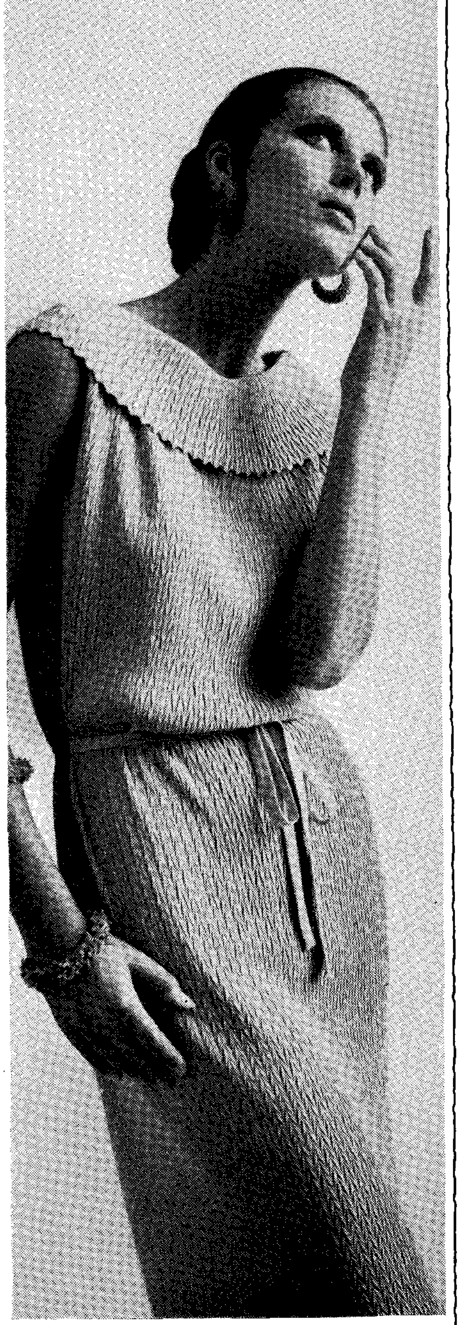


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plus three tapestries by Bernard; through Friday, July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Aug. 26. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Ernest Lawson, Aaron Bohrod, and Luigi Lucioni are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Friday, July 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Friday, July 29. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Boudin; through Friday, July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from private New York collections, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties—from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils by Henri Matisse, showing the progression of his styles from 1899 to 1953; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings, from 1735 to the present, by Goya, Rouault, George Grosz, William Gropper and others; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Monday through Friday, July 25-29.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through Friday, July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through Friday, July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through Friday, July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

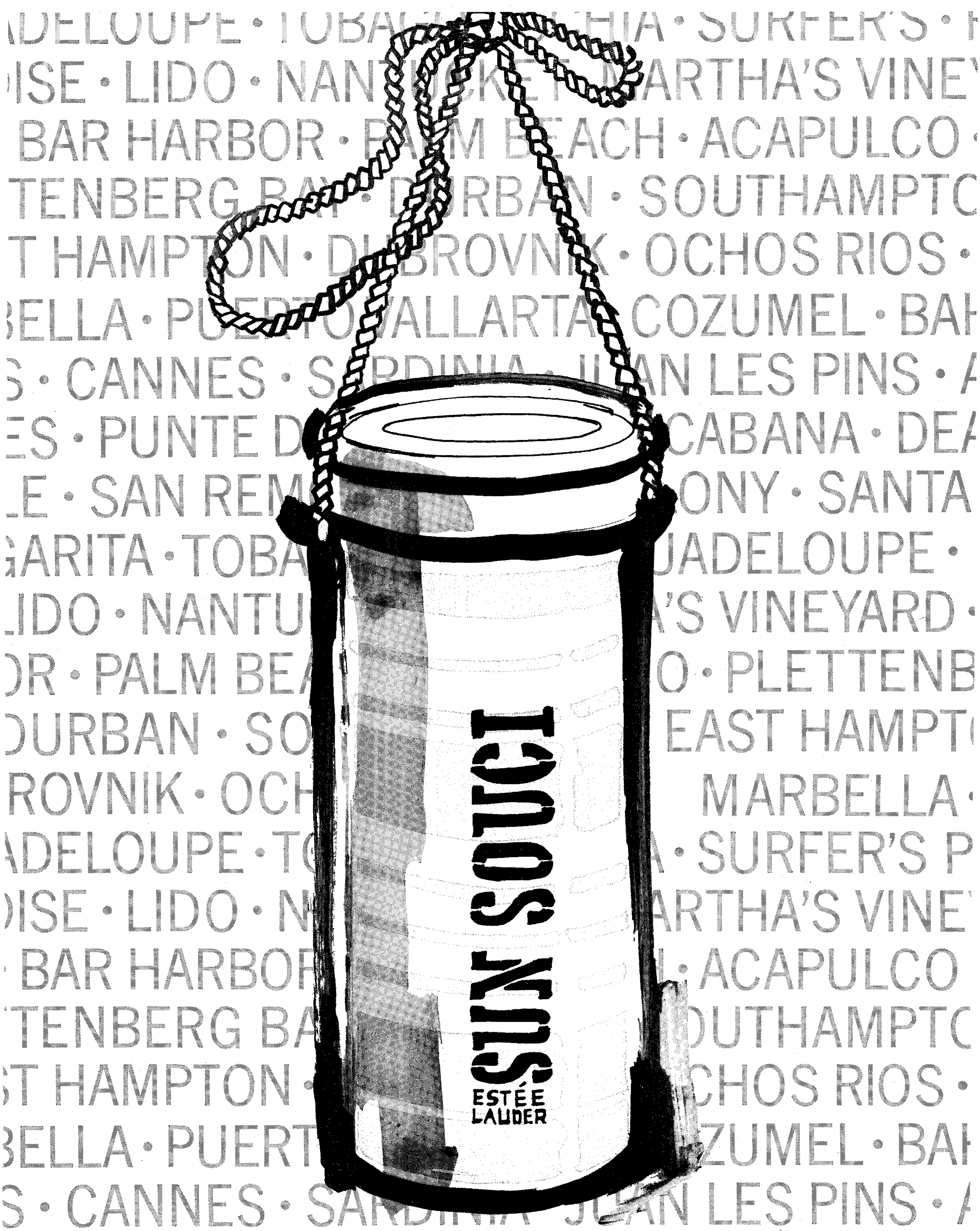
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Stravinsky Festival at Philharmonic Hall—Final performances in a three-week season of orchestral and chamber-music concerts. Thursday, July 21: Lukas Foss directing the New York Philharmonic in "Stravinsky and Italian Music," with Jason Robards, narrator; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger and Richard Shadley, tenors; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22: "Stravinsky and Recent Years," performed by members of the Dorian Quintet, a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo and Lukas Foss, the Camerata Singers directed by Abraham Kaplan, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23: Mr. Stravinsky and Robert Craft directing the New York Philharmonic in an all-Stravinsky program, with John Hollander, narrator; the Camerata Singers; and others. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Dorian Quintet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Tuesday, July 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM**: Friday, July 22: Robert La Marchina directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Carmen" in concert form, with Mary Ellen Pracht, soprano; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the orchestra, with Jack Benny. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 26: Kurt Adler conducting the orchestra, with Leontyne Price, soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 27: A two-part program, the first half with Ignace Strasfogel conducting the orchestra, and with Benny Goodman, clarinet; the second half will be given over to jazz by the B.G. quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: Silvio Varviso directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Aïda" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Irene Dalis, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: Tito Puente and his orchestra in a program of Latin-American music, with Celia Cruz and Ruth Fernandez. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the first in a series of three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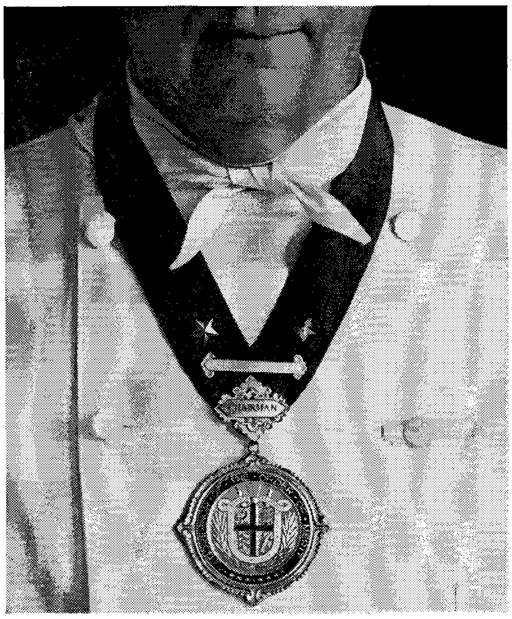

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concerts. (Tuesday, July 26, at 8:30.)... **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.)... ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, July 21, at 8: "Andrea Chénier."... Thursday, July 28, at 8: "Otello."... ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second in a series of four weekly concerts, this one with Daniel Domb, cello. (Saturday, July 23, at 8:30.)... **WOLLMAN RINK:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; Saturdays at 8:30, pop music; and Sundays at 6:30, musical salutes to various nations. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.)... **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE** (near Grand St.): Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Jimmy Giuffre's quartet.... ¶ Thursday, July 28, at 8:30: The Saints and Sinners. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

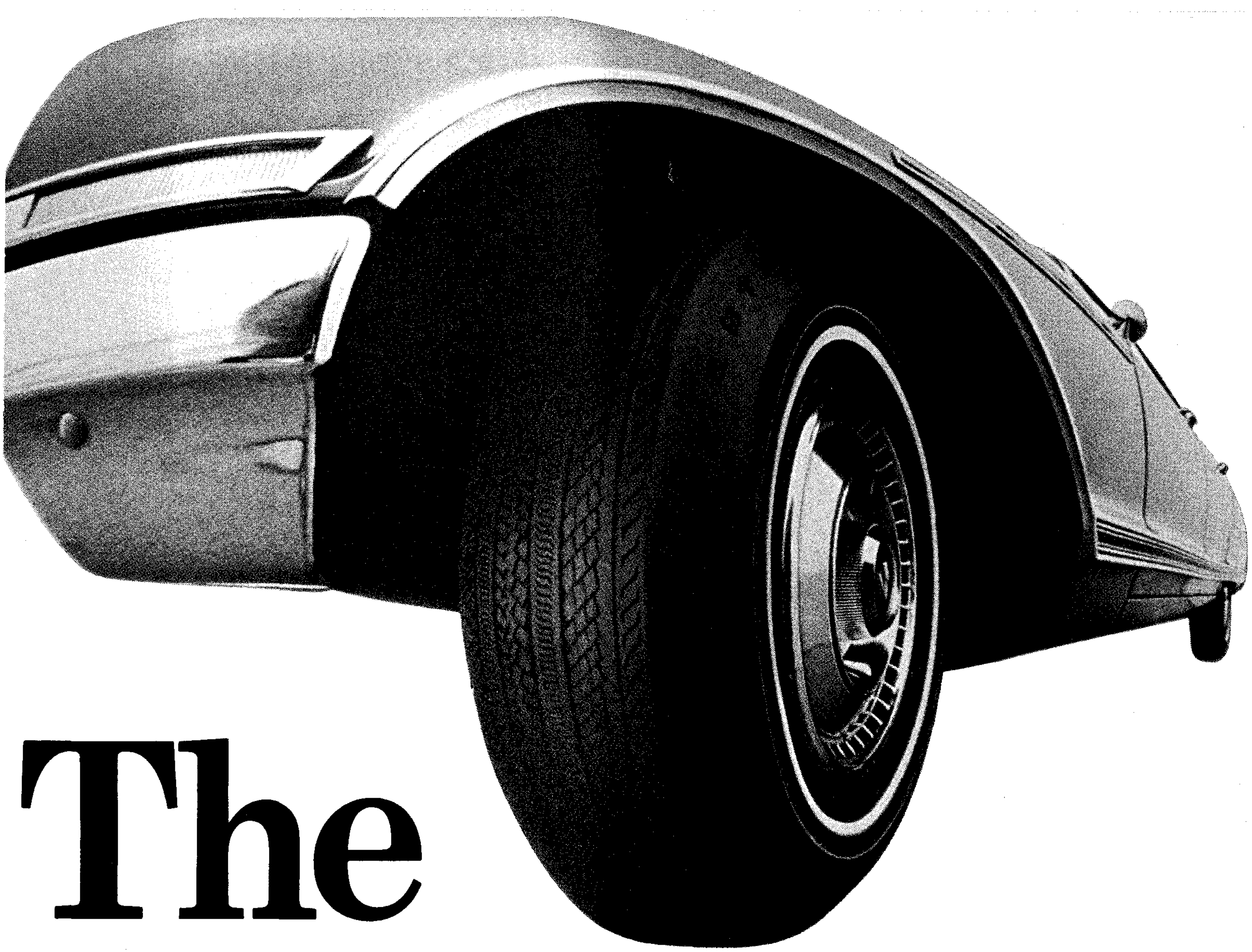
BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 22, at 7: A program by the Tanglewood Choir.... ¶ Friday, July 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.... ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Jane Marsh and Veronica Tyler, sopranos; and Simon Estes, bass.... ¶ Friday, July 29, at 7: An all-Schumann program performed by Claude Frank, piano; Miss Kallir; James Stagliano, horn; Ara Berberian, bass; and others.... ¶ Friday, July 29, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jules Eskin, cello.... ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Kallir and Mr. Silverstein.... ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 2:30: Thomas Schippers conducting, with Mr. Frank. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.)

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 21, at 8: Oscar Brand, Judy Collins, Bob Gibson, Bessie Jones, and others.... ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8: "The Battle of Music," with Liam Clancy, Mike Seeger, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: "A Patchwork of American Music," with Chuck Berry, Judy Collins, Bessie Jones, the Pennywhistlers, Yomo Toro, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2: "New Directions."... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 8: Pete Seeger, Tom and Liam Clancy, Ali Akbar Khan, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 23, at 3:30: Oscar Brand.... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk.... ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 3:30: Judy Collins.... ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in the final performances of a three-week season. Thursday, July 21: "Serenade," "Narkissos" (première), and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, July 22: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, July 23: "Irish Fantasy," "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Sunday, July 24: "Serenade," "Narkissos," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Tuesday, July 26: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, July 27: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, July 28: "Episodes," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, July 29: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, July 30: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Brahms Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, July 31: "Episodes," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 23: The First Cham-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ber Dance Quartet and Murray Louis and his company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 26-30: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, July 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, July 22, at 8; Saturday, July 23, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Keller, Joe McCarthy, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15); and Sunday, July 24, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, July 26, at 8, and Wednesday, July 27, at 7. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, July 29, at 8, and Saturday, July 30, at about 8 (another annual Old-Timers Day program, this one starting at about 7 and including a couple of innings involving Jackie Robinson, Dom DiMaggio, Allie Reynolds, and other major-league stars who participated in the 1950 All-Star game).

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Wednesday through Friday, July 27-29.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Choice, Saturday, July 23, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 24, at 2.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, July 24.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 25-31.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday at 6:43 and 7:06 and Saturday at 6:43.) . . . **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8, from Monday, July 25, through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 23.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Festival from India—The American première of Satyajit Ray's film "Kanchenjungha" (performances nightly at 6 and 8), plus exhibits of Indian paintings, sculptures and photographs of sculptures, musical instruments, and textiles, as well as a ten o'clock concert by Ali Akbar Khan, sarode player. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday through Sunday, July 25-31. For information about tickets and prices, call TR 4-2424.)

Walking Tours—"The City on the Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 24, at 2:30. Meets at St. John the Divine Cathedral, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through July 26.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery plays a misunderstood poet whose brain is immune to corrective surgery. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Khartoum—Interesting failure to portray mysterious British soldier in Africa. Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier in Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 24.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren and Paul Newman, in a preposterous comedy distinguished by the fact that Peter Ustinov wrote the screenplay and directed it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Male Companion—The hero of this comedy wishes not to earn a living and to make conquests of innumerable girls. An impossible goal, but he comes close. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Mandragola—A cheerful, bawdy, and decorative movie, based on a satiric comedy by Machiavelli. The setting is Florence, in 1500. Alberto Lattuada is responsible for the clear, mercurial direction. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 27.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde, director and actor, running away from enraged African tribesmen, has trouble finding a bite to eat. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through July 26.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 26. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 27.)

TO DAY
LASZLO

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 24. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 27, tentative.)

Thunderball—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 27.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 22.)

Banana Peel (1965)—A thriller with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; July 25-27.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 22-25.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 25.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 26.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 25.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 25.)

How to Murder Your Wife (1965)—George Axelrod's examination of holy wedlock. With Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, and Terry-Thomas. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 27.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; July 25-27.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 21.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 22.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 24.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 21.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 26.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's account of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 26.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through July 24.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 21.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—July 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Tabu" (1931), directed by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ July 23 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and July 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Pardon Us" (1931), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Walt Disney shorts. . . . ¶ July 25-26 at 2 and 5:30: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), with Barbara Stanwyck. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through July 22: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin. . . . ¶ July 23-24: "Mad About Music" (1938), with Deanna Durbin and Gail Patrick. . . . ¶ July 26-27: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through July 26: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.
From July 27: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A FINE MADNESS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through July 26: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From July 27: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THUNDERBALL; and **HELP!**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 26: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From July 27: **MY FAIR LADY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 26: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 27: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
A FINE MADNESS.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MORGAN!

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through July 26: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).
From July 27: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through July 26: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From July 27: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Wrong Box," John Mills, Ralph Richardson.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 24: **THE KNACK**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From July 25: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Alphabet Murders," Tony Randall, Anita Ekberg.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 26: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
From July 27 (tentative): **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, revival.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 26: "Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.," Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan.
From July 27: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 21: **SHADOWS**, revival; **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film.
July 22-25: **DARLING**, revival; and "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.
From July 26: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through July 24: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Morituri," revival, Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.
July 25-27: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **BANANA PEEL** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 26: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**, revival.
From July 27: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and "To Love" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LADY L.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 26: "A Tout Prendre" (in French).
From July 27: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 26: "Frankie and Johnny," Elvis Presley; and "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.
From July 27: "Bambi," revival, a Walt Disney full-length film; and "Those Calloways," revival, Brian Keith, Vera Miles.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
A FINE MADNESS.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Dancing Millionairess" and "The Grand Substitution" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Enough Rope" (in French), Gert Frobe, Marina Vlady.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Sweet Light in a Dark Room," a Czechoslovakian film.

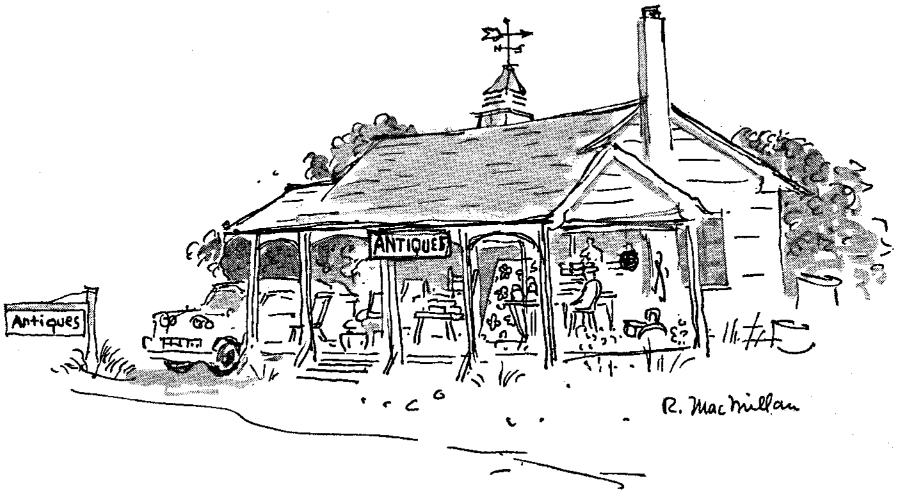
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

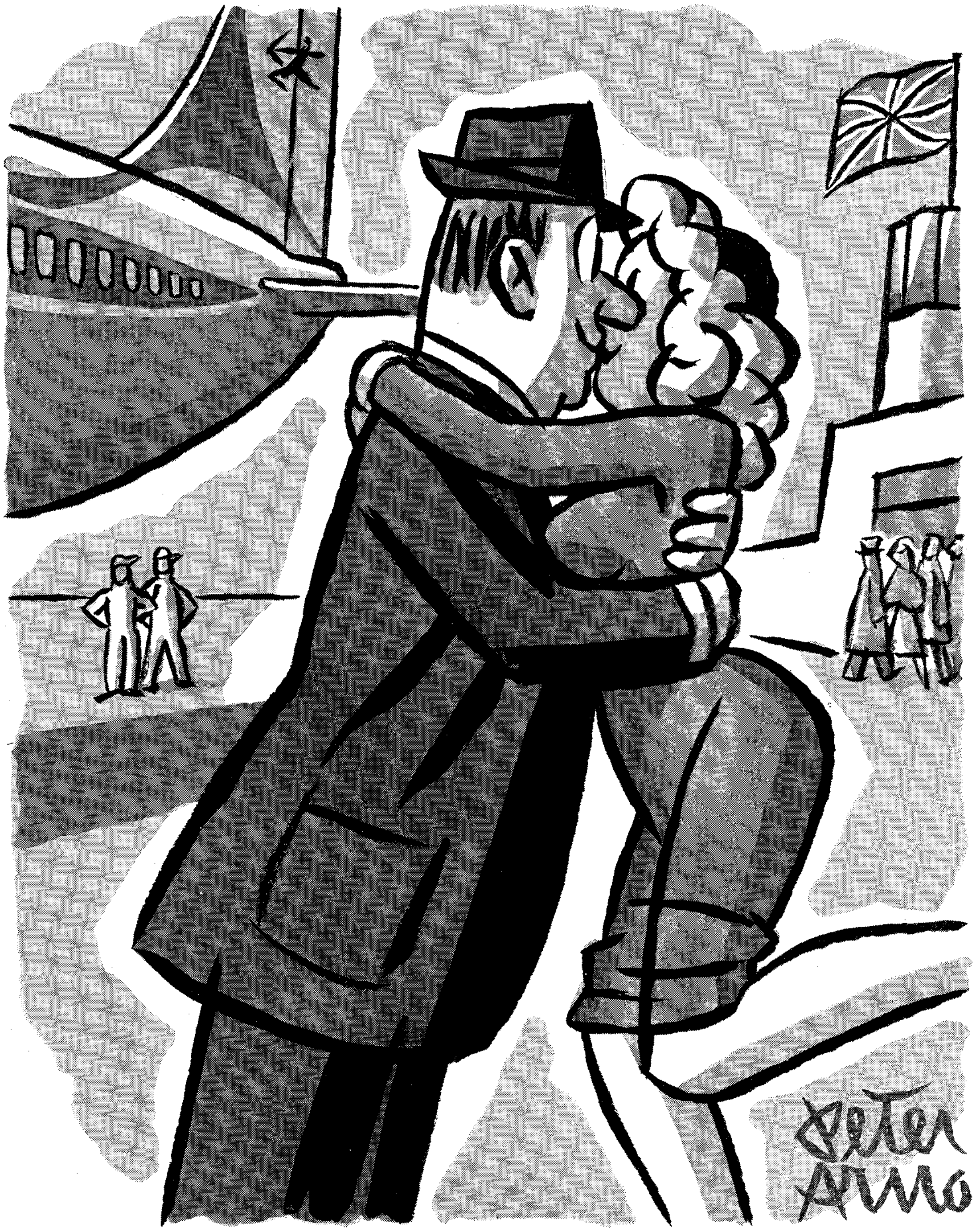
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 21: **THE WINDOW**, revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
July 22: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival.
July 23: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Journey Into Fear," revival, Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio.
July 24: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.
July 25: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "Sweet Smell of Success," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
July 26: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
July 27: "The Chapman Report," revival, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 26: "Frankie and Johnny," Elvis Presley; and "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.
From July 27: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**, revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 21: A program of five short films on psychology.
July 22: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
July 23: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
July 24: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
July 25: **MALE COMPANION** (in French); and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 26: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French and both revivals).
July 27: "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).





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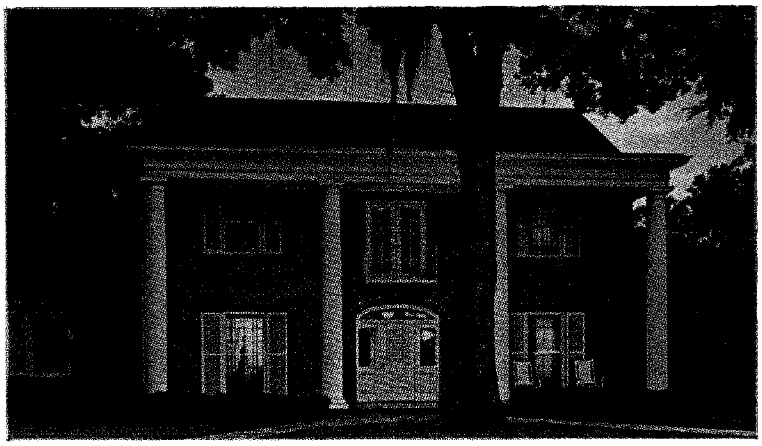

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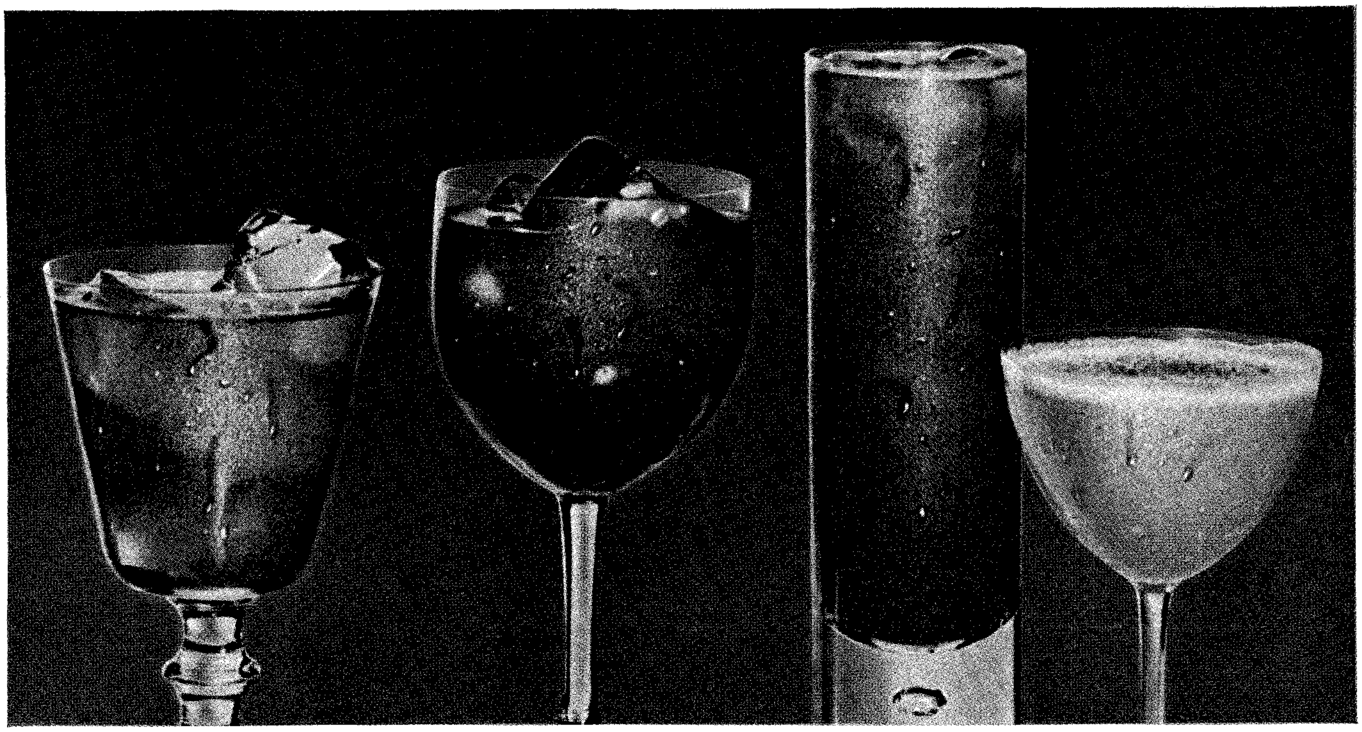

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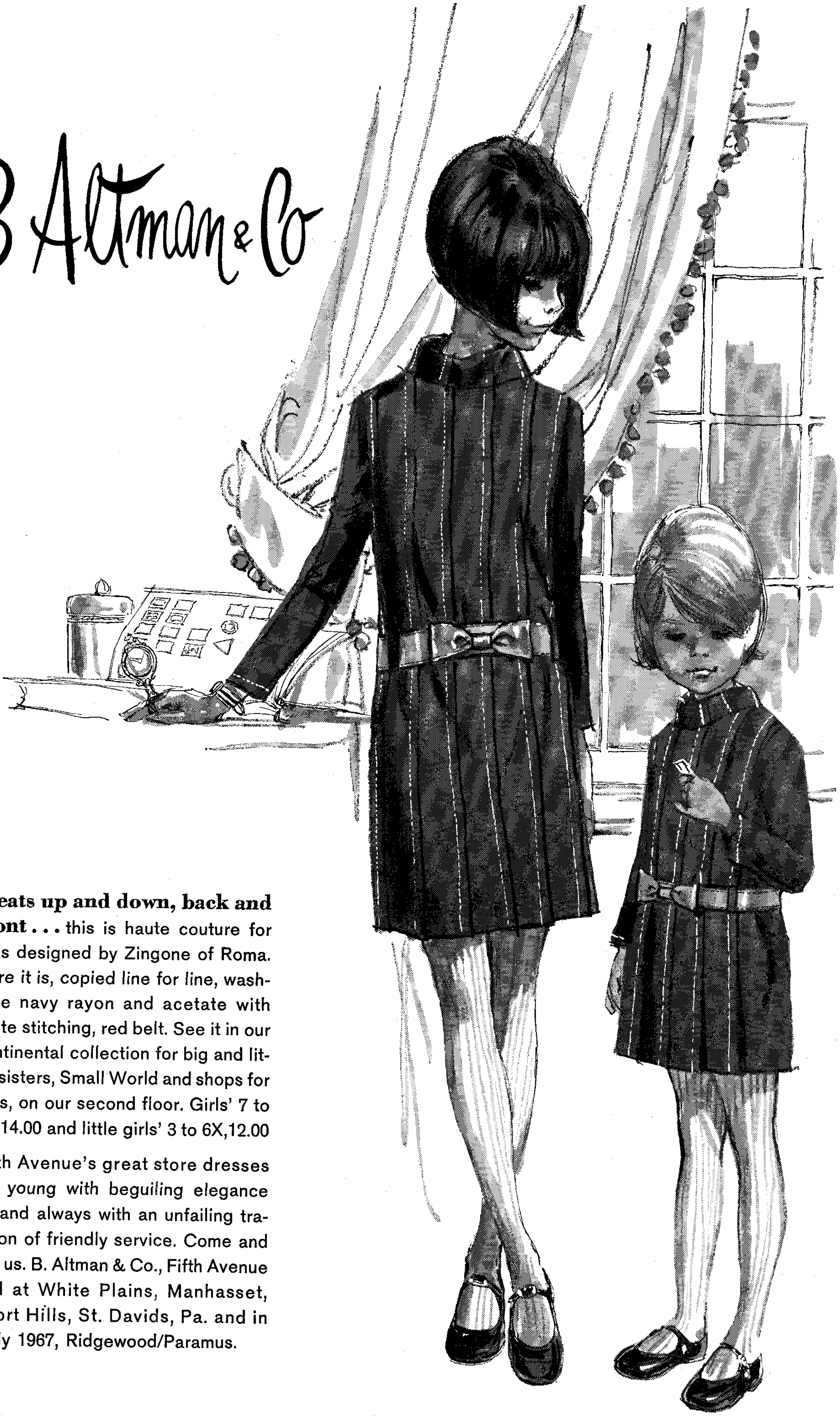


Pleats up and down, back and front . . . this is haute couture for girls designed by Zingone of Roma. Here it is, copied line for line, washable navy rayon and acetate with white stitching, red belt. See it in our continental collection for big and little sisters, Small World and shops for girls, on our second floor. Girls' 7 to 14, 14.00 and little girls' 3 to 6X,12.00

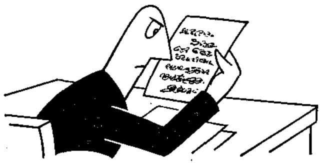
Fifth Avenue's great store dresses the young with beguiling elegance . . . and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come and see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa. and in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

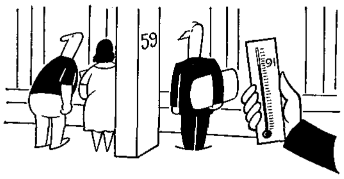
Notes and Comment

ONE thing that seems to our eye to be growing rarer and rarer these days is human handwriting. The only traces of it that ordinarily come our way from the outside world are illegible blue-black blurs at the bottom of letters—always, fortunately, clarified by a typewritten name underneath. Every now and again, however, a letter lands on our desk bearing the scrawl of someone still cranky enough to take up his pen to communicate with us inkily and irregularly, to sputter away in uneven, sometimes barely legible flourishes, and from time to time we are able to pounce with delight on cryptic notes left for us by our children, in their large, assertive calligraphic knitting. These few examples begin to look like vintage cars in a torrent of sleek traffic. The rest of the time, language comes at us from all directions in typographical uniform, of all sizes, racing in lights round the Allied Chemical Tower, clacking out of typewriters, and swishing from printing presses, neatly aligned, carefully spaced, and conclusive, so that most of us require of our pens no more than that they execute for us an occasional official signature—a kind of badge, a hasty, dashing assertion of who we are. And the pens themselves have lost their once treasured, idiosyncratic uniqueness, have become unfillable, interchangeable, and dispensable, their once gleaming and articulate nibs now no more than a sort of mouse's forepaw, designed to write in such unlikely places as underwater or in the stratosphere. Inkwells, pen wipers, blotters, even ink itself seem about ready to join the quill in some museum of calligraphy. Our own desk, we confess, is still littered with scraps of paper bearing scrawled telephone numbers, notes to ourself in a hasty, barbed-wire hand, elaborate pencilled doodles in the Chinese manner, but every so often we clear them out of the way. They are not for the world to see. Even as we finish writing these very words with a scratchy flourish, we feel we are signing off. When next we see them, they will be as tidily and precisely aligned as their fellows, no longer bearing any visible relation to their sprawling, loopy origins. We pocket our worn but beloved pen and turn toward the typewriter.



Heat

THE city's temperature, like a fabulous beast, can never really be found. It can be discussed indefinitely, but it cannot be brought to bay, and though we have a high regard for the United States Weather Bureau, we think that the Bureau's temperature readings sometimes border on mythology. While its local readings are undoubtedly accurate for one small place—the Belvedere Tower, in Central Park, which serves as the Bureau's observation station for these parts—their scope is, after all, limited. How much do they tell us about the whole city—the differences between the East Side and the West Side, say, or between Columbus Circle and the Battery, or between a subway tunnel and the roof of a building? Do they ever tell us just how hot or cold it is in *this* spot at *this* moment? We set out the other afternoon on our own temperature quest. First, at 12:09 P.M., we dialled WE 6-1212 and heard a recorded female voice saying, "Good afternoon. U.S. Weather Bureau forecast for New York City. Twelve noon Central Park readings: Temperature, ninety-six degrees . . ." Equipped with a thermometer, we ventured outside and began to take readings for ourself. We took our first one in Central Park, not far from the Belvedere Tower. As we stood in the shade of a large plane tree, the red liquid in our thermometer rose to the ninety-six-degree mark—just what the recorded voice had indicated. Stepping into the sun, we saw the red liquid climb to a hundred and three degrees. We headed for Lincoln Center. In the shade of the Philharmonic Hall arcade, where several people were seated at refreshment tables, the temperature was ninety-six. In the center of Lincoln Center Plaza, the temperature was a hundred and four. A few minutes later, in Columbus Circle, where the air felt sticky and stagnant, our readings were a hundred and eight in the sun and ninety-eight in the shade. We have heard it said that in the summertime the subways are hotter than the streets. After we had entered the subway at Fifty-ninth Street, we were able to disprove this theory, for the temperature of both the station and a train that we boarded was only ninety-one. (No subway we visited during the afternoon was hotter than ninety-five degrees.) Further revelations came hot and thick. At 1:19 P.M., on Thirty-fourth Street in front of the Empire State Building, our readings were a hundred and three in the sun and ninety-five in the shade. Five minutes later, on top of the Empire State Building, our readings were a hundred and one in the sun and ninety-one in the shade. During the next half hour, we found Washington Square and City Hall Park to have identical temperatures (a hundred and four in the sun, ninety-six in the shade), and Astor Place to be hotter than either (a hundred and six in the sun, ninety-seven in the shade). In Battery Park, where reflections from the water offset ocean breezes, our readings were



a hundred and seven in the sun and ninety-seven in the shade. Around two-thirty, Times Square and United Nations Plaza tied at a hundred and eight in the sun and ninety-nine in the shade. With a temperature of ninety-five degrees, the I.R.T. Lexington Avenue express was three degrees hotter than the Forty-second Street shuttle. Taxicabs were hotter than buses. (The temperature in one cab rose to a hundred and four.) We took our highest reading—a hundred and nine in the sun—beside the Pulitzer Memorial Fountain, at the Plaza, at 3:17 P.M. We took our lowest reading at The Cloisters, in Fort Tryon Park. There is a telephone near its information counter, and there, at 4:07 P.M., we dialled WE 6-1212 and learned that the Weather Bureau's thermometer had reached a hundred and two. Then, descending some stone stairs, we found ourself in a crowd of relaxed-looking people in the Glass Gallery, where the temperature was only eighty-seven degrees. After gazing at some stained-glass roundels, we returned to our office. A hundred and two.

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EXCHANGE overheard in an Amityville stationery store, between a teen-age boy and a salesgirl:

BOY: Do you have any surfing magazines?

SALESGIRL (*scanning the racks*): Well, there's the *Atlantic Monthly*.

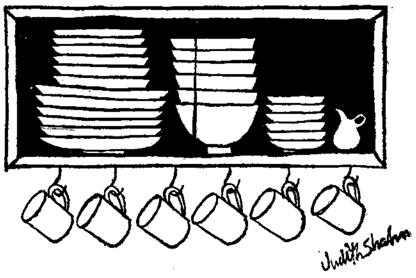
Bicycle Hours

ALL this summer, the roads inside Central Park have been shut to traffic, and open to bicycles only, for several hours on Sundays—first from six in the morning until noon, then from six until three in the afternoon. Accordingly, in the early afternoon of a recent Sunday—a muggy, sultry day—we strolled over to the Central Park Boathouse to rent a bike. We entered the Park at East Seventy-second Street, where a sawhorse was pulled across the road to keep the traffic out, and joined a short line outside the bicycle-rental concession. On the lake, oars splashed and transistor radios pulsed with jazz. We chatted for a moment with the manager of the concession. "Our business has doubled since last year," he said. "We rent twelve hundred bikes on a good weekend now, and the Parks Department is putting up a permanent building for us." Piles of two-by-fours for the new bicycle house lined the lake shore.

A tall, sandy-haired man coasted up to return his bike. He mopped his face as the manager trundled the bike away. "I met a New Yorker who rode around with me—I'm from California—and showed me all the sights," he said. "I had always thought New Yorkers were supposed to be rude and unhelpful."

The manager returned with a bicycle for us. It was a slender English one, painted black with thin gold piping. It had a bulb horn, and there was a tool bag behind the seat. We cycled onto the roadway and headed south. Cyclists were going in all directions. A northbound group of young Puerto Ricans, dressed in reds and greens and blues, flashed by on yellow racing bikes, the chains clicking as they shifted gears to climb the hill at Seventy-ninth Street. After the Puerto Ricans had gone, a group of children on small-wheeled bikes with high handlebars began turning in aimless circles in the middle of the roadway. At the Mall, an opera rehearsal was going on in the band shell. A few people were dotted about the seats in front of the shell, fanning themselves in the sun. Some were wearing newspapers for hats. Onstage, a young baritone was singing an aria to the accompaniment of a piano, and in front of the stage the conductor, in shorts and sandals, sat back in a chair, his feet propped on the stage. A cigarette dangled from his mouth, and his baton beat the air listlessly.

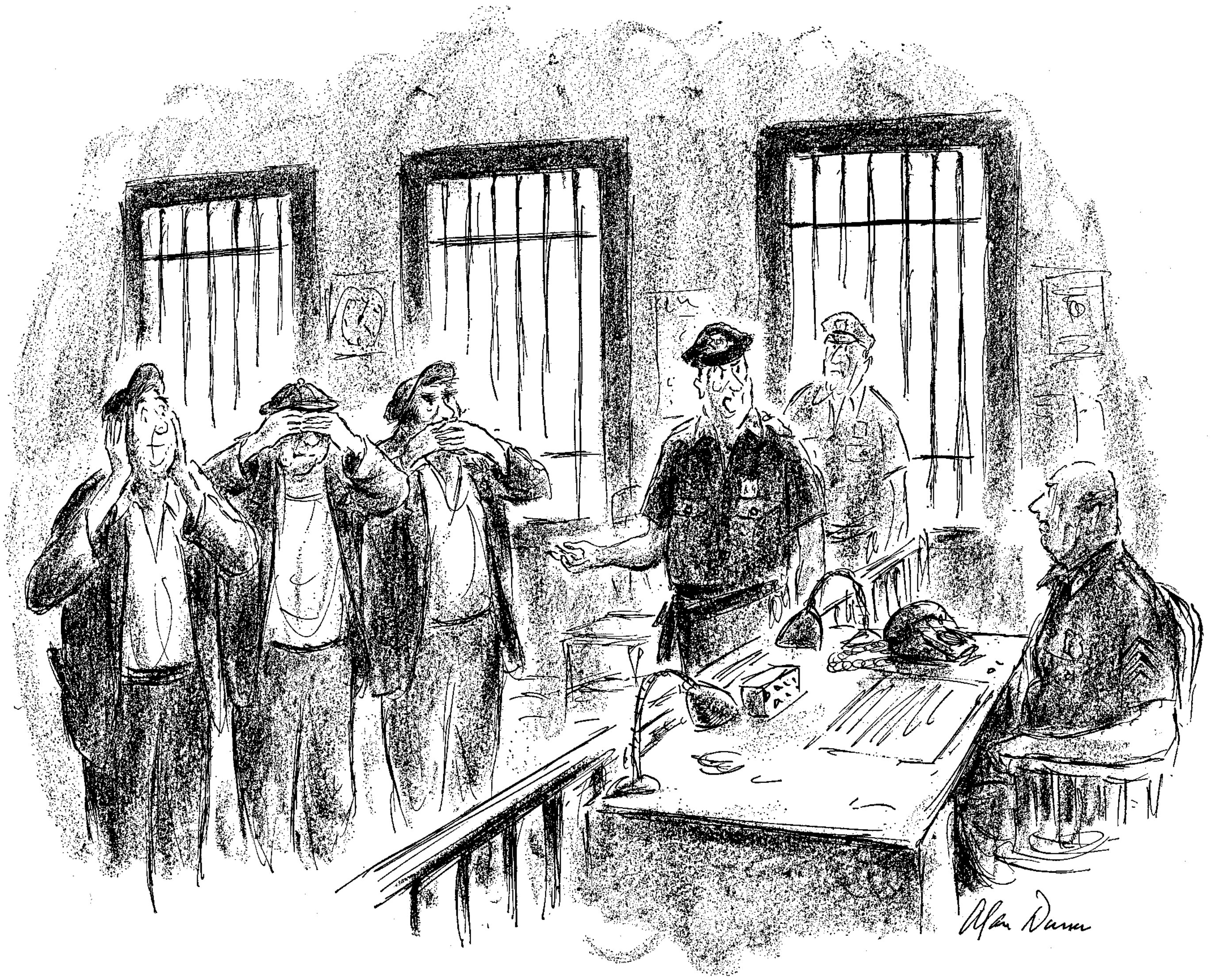
Farther along, under a tree by the Sheep Meadow, half a dozen people were finishing a picnic lunch, their bicycles, like so many tethered horses, stationed next to them. A boy raced up to the group on a bike and shouted, "Mr. Hoving! Mr. Hoving! It was a newspaperman!" We cycled over and found that the man the boy had hailed was indeed Thomas Hoving, the Commissioner of Parks, and that he and his wife were having lunch with Donald H. Elliott, counsel to Mayor Lindsay, and two young sons of Mr. Elliott. Mr. Hoving, who was wearing a red shirt and pink shorts, said that they had spotted an illicit green car moving among the bicycles on the roadway, and that he had dispatched Mr. Elliott's eight-year-old to investigate it, and apprehend it if he could. "Getting the cars out of Central Park on Sundays hasn't been easy," he went on. "I don't know why. The road doesn't *go* anywhere. Only recently, the A.A.A. approved the ban on traffic, and Mr. Barnes, the Traffic Commissioner, dropped his objections, though I don't know what *he* has to do with it. I consider this *my* road."



Mr. Hoving said he was about to take a turn around his road, and in a moment or so he set out, with his wife and Mr. Elliott, who was wearing gray shorts and a khaki shirt, and the two boys. We tagged along. Mrs. Hoving's dress ballooned behind her. Mr. Hoving waved to a policeman on a horse, and the policeman waved back. A young man moved abreast of Hoving and called as he pedalled, "Mr. Commissioner! Thank you!" There was a crash ahead of us, followed by the sound of scraping metal. One of the Elliott boys had fallen. He was up again in a moment, complaining about a stone in the roadway. Then, by the merry-go-round, whose calliope was piping gaily, the boy pointed excitedly ahead at the intruding car, which was now parked by the side of the road. Mr. Hoving raced up to it and accosted the man inside. "I was just reporting how there were no cars in the Park," the man said, and Mr. Hoving barked back, "What do you mean, no cars?"

We left Mr. Hoving to continue his investigation, walked our bike up the hill at Seventy-ninth Street, and remounted near Cleopatra's Needle. The Reservoir seemed to froth under the hot sun, and the cinder path that circles it looked baked. On the path, a young couple walked along, scuffing up small puffs of dust. Near 100th Street, we watched a baseball game (the second baseman was licking an orange Popsicle he had just bought from a cart, which, as we watched, moved stealthily toward the third baseman), and then we cut across to the west side of the Park. On a hill near the Reservoir, a family of four were sitting on the grass with a four-seater tandem beside them.

We coasted past the Shakespeare Theatre and the Ramble back to the lake and its rowboats. A breeze came up on the lake, and the rowboats—some yellow, some red—bumped into each other in the waves. Children dropped sticks on hapless boaters from the slender, crescent-shaped green bridge in the background. Soon we were alongside the Sheep Meadow again. Mr. Hoving waved to us from the remains of his picnic. Just then, a yellow Checker cab appeared, speeding among the bicycles. Mr. Hoving turned



"What's the Supreme Court ruling on this?"

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to a mounted policeman and asked whether his horse was capable of catching the taxi. The policeman shook his head. Then Hoving asked what time it was, and the policeman reported that it was ten minutes to three. Hoving kicked a beer can. A stream of cars was entering now at West Seventy-second Street. Exhaust fumes billowed behind them. A rusty black Buick roared ahead, its horn blaring. The cyclists scattered.

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A POPULAR building material in Alabama is imitation second-hand brick.

Horror Comedy

ONE warm lunch hour, as we were strolling along Madison Avenue in the upper Sixties and marvelling at the proliferation of new English-style boutiques in the city—those miniature haberdasheries that provide the proper Carnaby Street look for discothèquing—we noticed a small crowd of oglers in front of Paraphernalia, one of the longest-established (ten months) of these shops. Through its window we could see men uncoiling electric cables among costumes and parasols, and when a lady next to us volunteered the information that some kind of film was being shot inside, we decided to investigate.

The first shopgirl we encountered—a barefoot young woman, who was wearing a long blue jersey, belted low on the hips, and a little red skirt, about fourteen inches from top to bottom—apparently mistook us for one of the crew. "Shooting's up there," she said, pointing to a staircase with one hand while she fluffed a rackful of bright dresses with the other. We made our way up the stairs, taking care to step over the electric cables. We were about to question another young woman, in a similarly abbreviated skirt, but she quickly raised a finger to her lips and thrust into our hands a mimeographed sheet marked "FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE." It began:

Ken Burrows announces
with disarming frankness
the imminent production
of
a blatantly commercial low-budget
Grade B feature film
MURDER À LA MOD
an outrageous New York horror comedy.

"Lights! Roll sound! Action!" called a young man in a work shirt and business suit.

"Scene Two F, Sound Roll Ten, Roll Sixty-three," a short blond girl in a white cotton-knit dress of fairly traditional length announced, and moved aside to let a camera focus on two other girls, who were preening themselves before a three-way mirror.

"This is serious, Tracy," the first, a blonde of about twenty, said in a low voice. "Christopher asked me to marry him."

"Why, that's novel," the second, an

astonishingly thin brunette, replied. “I thought he *had* a wife.”

“He did, but she died,” the first girl said.

“How ob*lig*ing of her!” the second girl said.

“*Real*ly, Tracy!” the first girl exclaimed.

Another young man in a business suit, who had edged silently over to us, whispered, “This film is meant to be something of a put-on.”

We smiled, and he introduced himself as Ken Burrows.

The first young man shouted “Cut!”

“That’s Brian De Palma,” Burrows told us. “This is the second feature he has directed, and he wrote this one, too. It’s about a guy who makes blue movies—Christopher. He killed his mother at some point previous to the opening. Then there’s another murder.” He pointed to the blonde, who now stood impatiently, hands on hips, waiting for the filming to resume. “He stabs her with an icepick.”

A salesgirl in a short blue Paisley dress brushed past us, leading a middle-aged customer in a short beige Paisley dress. “Business as usual, Ken,” she said.

Burrows cast an apologetic glance in the direction of the salesgirl and went on, “It’s not your standard shocker. In the first place, everybody wears English clothing, including the murderer. That’s just a gimmick. A thriller script with a veneer of what the public is buying. We’re capitalizing on a fad, but also the clothes are groovy. What we’re shooting now is the main body of exposition, and it’s also a fashion show. The nice thing about Paraphernalia is you can always count on great customers’ lolling through. The place epitomizes the British takeover of New York. It’s a magnet for all the hip-looking chicks in the city. That’s Andra.” He indicated the brunette, who was inspecting the price tag on her skirt—a blue mini-skirt covered with sequinned white stars. “She’s the daughter of Anthony Akers,” he continued. “In the film, she’s known as Tracy—the best friend, a dropout. Andra’s had experience. Spent a couple of summers in stock, in Virginia. Right, Andra?”

“Repertory!” Andra called back.

“Repertory,” Burrows amended. “This is Margo’s first credit, though.” He pointed to the blond heroine. “She’s a sophomore at Sarah Lawrence.”

While the crew moved equipment into a stark-white dressing room for the next scene, Burrows raised a camera that was hanging from a strap over his right shoulder and began snapping photographs of Margo, who had changed into a red-and-white chevron skimp dress. “I’m not a mere producer,” he announced proudly. “I take the stills, plus I play a part in the film. How much would you guess we’re spending—total?”

We said that we guessed a hundred thousand dollars would be pretty low-budget.

Burrows laughed. “Twenty-five grand,” he said, crouching for a low-angle shot beneath a cylindrical ceiling light, some *gamin* shoes hung by thread, and a suspended Paraphernalia shopping bag. “Everybody works for subsistence and a half per cent of the picture,” he went on. “We’re on an eleven-day shooting schedule.” He posed Margo in front of three bright gowns that hung on the wall. “I’m putting myself through Brown with this film,” he continued. “I dropped out a few years ago. This is the third movie Brian and I have done together. We’re both twenty-five.”

Margo dashed off to change her costume, and Andra reappeared in a green floor-length sheath.

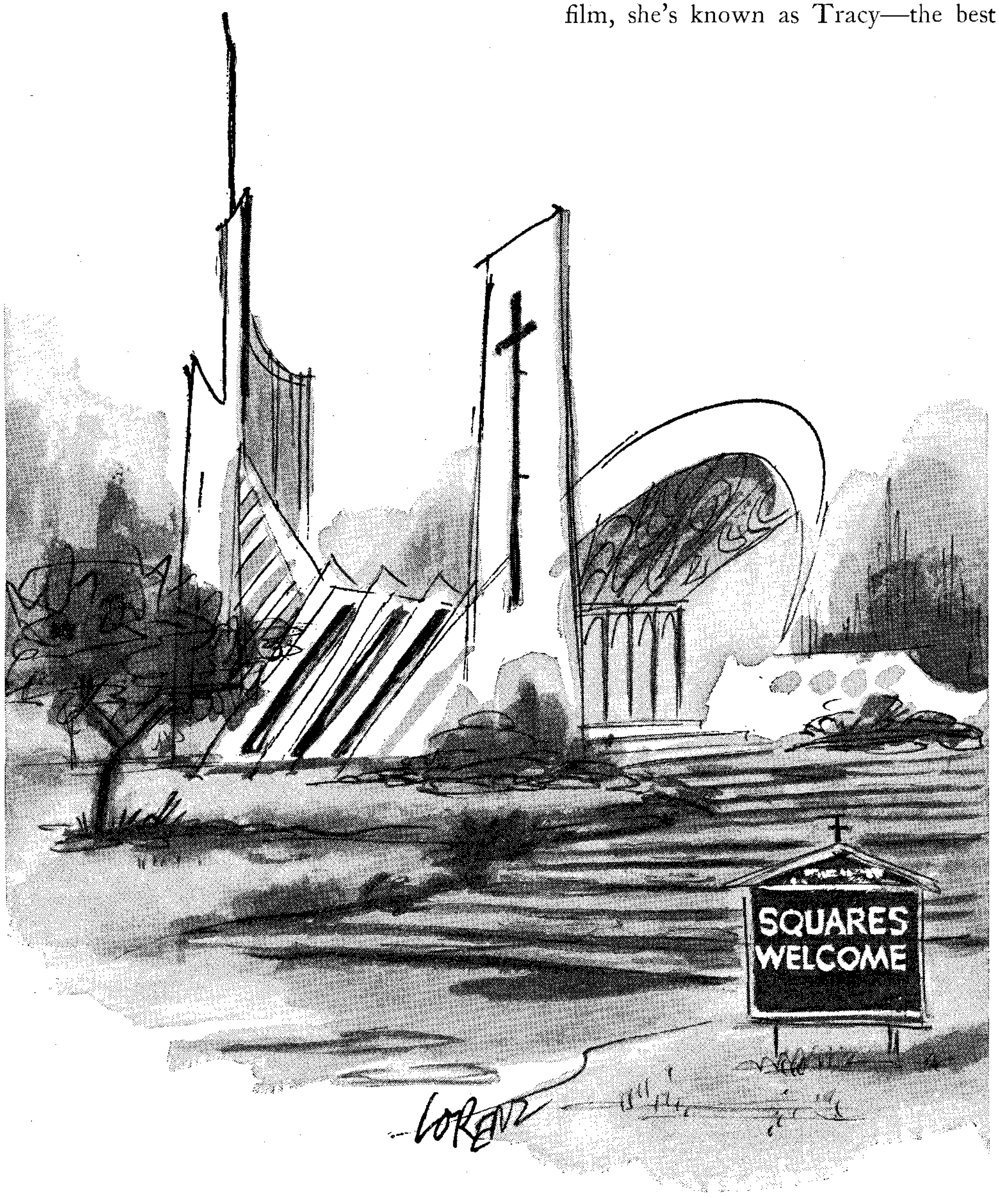
“You see, there are two ways of making it in the film business,” Burrows explained. “You can go to Hollywood as a second assistant unit manager for ten years, make the long, stultifying climb, and finally turn out predigested pablum. Or you can stay away from the Coast and try to get a few good independent pictures under your belt.”

Just then, the manager of Paraphernalia, an attractive young woman with a British accent, ran up the stairs to hurry the film-makers along. “I can’t send anyone up into all this confusion,” she said. “It’s lunchtime. If we don’t sell now, we don’t sell all day.”

“Last take, Sara,” Burrows promised. “I’ll push. I’ll push.”

We asked, as politely as we could, whether “Murder à la Mod” wasn’t a bit predigested itself.

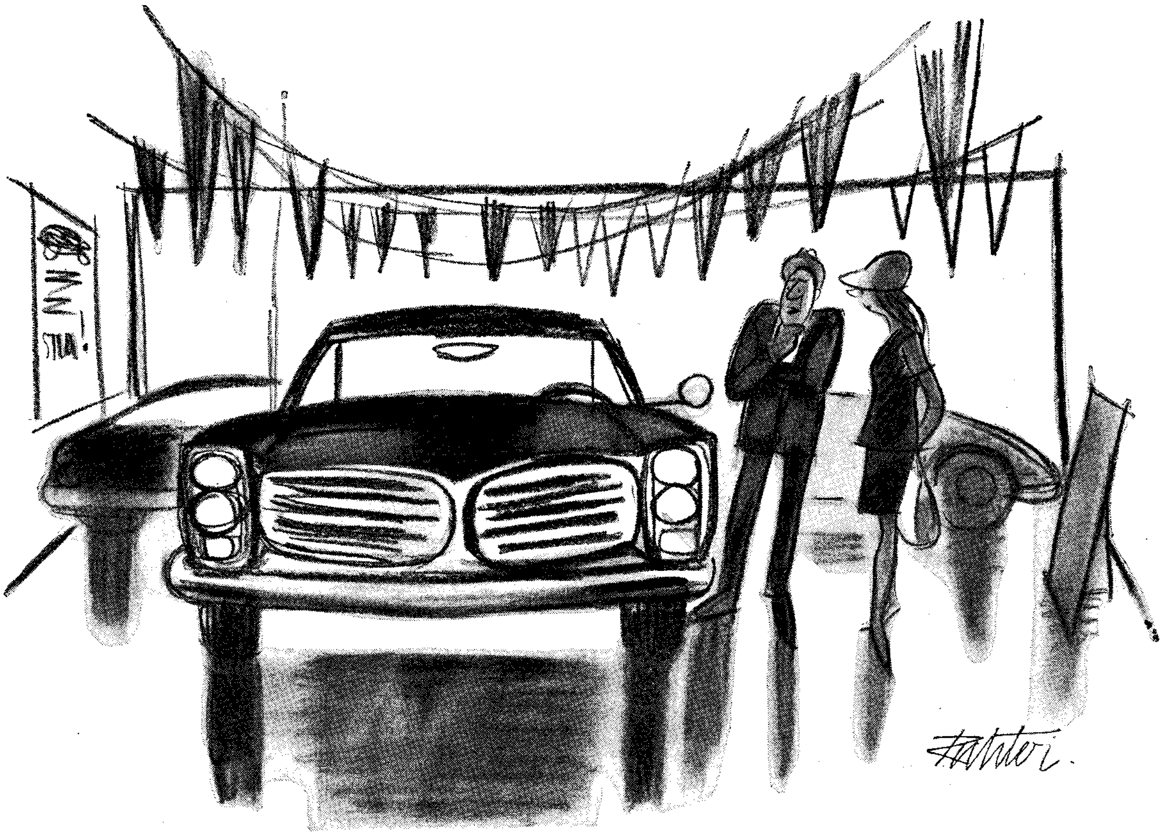
“Well, when we got into this we said, ‘Let’s do a quickie for money,’ ” Burrows said, in assent. “But just re-



cently we saw we had more—real possibilities for a freedom, a life, a vivacity. Most of this film is in the action. We've got a long chase through Wall Street, ending up in the First Calvary Cemetery, in Queens. And lots of murder. You should have been around the other day, when we shot Margo, covered with fake blood, for five hours.”

We asked why he felt that all this was loftier than a Hollywood product.

“The picture has such broad lines nobody could take it at face value,” he said. “It's stylized. The same sort of thing that Brecht was working for—not to compare ourselves to Brecht—or that ‘Batman’ aims at. As such, we're representing a certain aesthetic, but not so seriously as that might imply.”



“I'm not sure if we want a high-priced car in the low-priced field or a low-priced car in the high-priced field.”

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De Palma had evidently overheard this last snatch of conversation while he was untangling some sound wires, for he paused, on his way into the dressing room, to amplify Burrows' remarks. “It still is garbage,” he cheerfully conceded, “but garbage from a different viewpoint. We're making a sendup—a joke of a joke—but we can do a number of interesting things in this context that Hollywood would never allow us to do. For example, I've structured the plot like ‘Psycho.’ We stick with Margo for the first third, develop her personality fully, then we kill her off out of nowhere and start picking up different areas. We have three suspects; we go back to the murder three times. Three different perspectives. Not like ‘Rashomon,’ which is concerned with the nature of actual truth—just different estimations of the importance of the same events. The last suspect is Otto—he's our bizarre character, sort of a mad Mod. His part of the picture is absolutely wild. Real black comedy. Everyone thinks he did it, but we fake them out at the end.”

“We've got to haul this along. Jack's impatient!” a crew member called from inside the dressing room. Jack was the assistant cameraman.

“Jack's impatient!” Burrows shouted back. “Well, tell him to chew on some film!”

We squeezed into a corner by the camera to watch the next sequence. Margo and Andra had both changed again—Margo into a red jumper with tiny white polka dots, Andra into a Mondrian shift.

“Looks like something my mother would wear,” De Palma said of Andra's costume. He had squatted, yogi style, under the camera's tripod and was holding out a microphone.

“Quiet on the set!” a crewman yelled.

A salesgirl called from downstairs, “Sara's getting impatient! The shop's filling up. We've got to turn our music on.”

“One minute, baby! One *min*ute!” the crewman yelled back. “O.K. This is a take. Ready on sound? Roll sound!”

Andra now began objecting, into the microphone, to Margo's having posed for “art” photography by Christopher.

“Hook your bod around the table there,” De Palma whispered, waving the microphone.

“When did he propose? *Before* or *after*?” Andra asked Margo.

“*Real*ly, Tracy! That's not fair!” Margo exclaimed.

“Well, don't be surprised if he breaks the engagement,” Andra said. “After all, who wants a *bun*ny for a wife?”

“*Real*ly, Tracy!” Margo whispered, in a parody of petulance. “You're beginning to sound like a Victorian *spin*ster!”

De Palma, squirming uncomfortably under his tripod, raised a restraining hand. “O.K.,” he said. “Let's change your dresses and do it again.”

“How about this one?” a crewman called, holding up a black-and-white cocktail dress. “Ninety-one per cent acetate, nine per cent nylon.”

The two stars effected another quick change, and shooting began again.

“*Dar*ling! Don't you forget I'm supposed to be the sophisticated woman of the world taking the sweet, virginal Karen under my wing. And now I discover that not only are you not sweet and virginal but that you have been posing for *nu*die pictures—and all right under my wing!” Andra said.

A salesgirl's voice shrilled from below, “Honestly, you *must* finish up in a hurry! Sara—”

A frenzied mother chased a teen-age girl up the stairs. “There's nothing new in since last week. Nothing, I tell you!” she cried.

The sound man lifted his earphones off. “Wait a minute,” he said. “We're getting some noise here. What's that noise?”

“It's an electric fan,” De Palma answered, with the resignation of Job. “We're going to have to live with it.”

THE MEETING

JUST before the meeting, which was fixed for three-thirty, Flinders took a walk in the Organization's rose garden. This garden was set in a protected angle of the buildings and looked toward the river. Seagulls swooped over Flinders' head as he scrunched up and down the pebbled paths between beds of wintry spikes tagged "Queen Frederika" or "Perfect Peace" or "British Grenadier." About him, plane trees scored the sky, and frozen lawns rolled down to the cold river. With the exception of two uniformed guards and a statue furiously engaged in beating swords into ploughshares, Flinders was the only human figure in sight. The grounds were closed to the public at this time of year, and the staff, intent on the Organization's business, were sealed in their gray partitioned offices.

Enclosed on three sides by the congested streets of a great city, the Organization was nevertheless well laid out in the ample grounds of its foundation-granted land, and stood along the banks of the river with something of the authority which characterizes Wren's buildings on the Thames at Greenwich. Here, as at Greenwich, the river's edge was faced with a high embankment and bordered, where the lawn terminated, by a narrow walk. From this walk, one looked across the river to a low-lying labyrinth of docks and factories, surmounted by an immense Frosti-Cola sign. Behind the Organization's back, the skyscrapers of the city rose as abruptly as the Alps, an ascending graph of successful business. This setting impressed all newcomers, and still had an effect on even those members of the staff who had been with the Organization since the signing of its Founding Constitution. Flinders, who had spent the past two years in a North African town, was all but overwhelmed by it.

Flinders, a forester and agricultural conservationist, had been recruited by the Organization two years before to serve as an expert in its Project for the Reforestation of the Temperate Zone. With a stop here at Headquarters for briefing, he had flown from his small home town in Oregon to a still smaller town some hundred miles to the south of the Mediterranean. Now, on his way home with his mission at an end, he was visiting Headquarters once more in order to report on his work and to be—though the word was yet unknown to him—debriefed.

He had no idea what he should say at the meeting. He had never attended meetings at all until he got involved with the Organization. His profession had kept him out of offices. And his two years in North Africa could not yet be contained within reportable dimensions in his mind. Throughout his assignment he had, as instructed, sent in quarterly technical reports to his opposite number at Headquarters, Mr. Addison. These "Reports on Performance in the Field" (an expression which always set Flinders to imagining himself capering in a meadow) had given an account of his initial surveys, the extent and causes of erosion in the area, the sampling of soils, the availability of water, and, finally, the selection and procurement of young trees and the process of their planting.

In addition, he had reported in person, as he was required to do every few weeks, to the Organization's regional office at Tangier. Apart from these trips to the coast, he had lived a solitary life. At El Attara, where the Organization had provided him with a simple but comfortable house, he dealt with the local farmers and landowners, who were cheerful and polite, and with the local officials, who, though less cheerful, treated him well. He kept two servants, and a gardener for the overgrown terraces that surrounded his little house. In the evenings he strolled in the medina and drank mint tea in the café, or he stayed at home studying Arabic by an oil lamp. He wore the djellabah—in summer a white one, in winter one of rough brown wool. He learned to walk as the Arabs do, with a long stride designed to cover many miles, and to ride sideways on a donkey. Where possible, he drove his jeep to his work in the hills, and sometimes he camped at the planting sites for days at a time. At the beginning he was appallingly lonely, and for the first two months crossed off the single days on a Pan American calendar he had tacked up on his bedroom wall. But he was accustomed to an independent, outdoor existence, and gradually became absorbed in his work and in the simple life of the town. The silence in the hills, the peace and variety of the countryside pleased him immensely. During his obligatory trips to Tangier, he swam in the ocean, ate French food, bought books and toothpaste, and took out an enigmatic girl named Ivy Vance who worked at the Australian Consulate. When Ivy Vance's tour of duty presently came to an end and she was sent to Manila, Flinders began to postpone even these short trips away from his work.

By the time his mission was over, he had completed not only his own assignment but also that of two other experts, once promised him as assistants, who had never materialized. No mention was made of this in the communications he received from Mr. Addison, but Flinders did not expect or wish for any. Flinders had no complaint. His salary checks, having been afflicted by some early confusion, were arriving regularly by the second year of his stay; there was nothing to spend money on at El Attara, and he saved a useful sum. Also, toward the end of his mission he received full instructions for his return journey, and a large envelope containing a Briefing Kit that outlined the work for which he had been engaged and that had been omitted at the outset. Otherwise, Mr. Addison had replied to his letters with reasonable punctuality—five weeks had been the maximum delay—and had run up a creditable score of answers to any questions asked. Flinders had no complaint.

Flinders had no complaint. This fact alone, had it been known, would have made him an object of curiosity in the Organization.

On his return to Headquarters two days ago he had met Mr. Addison—a singularly small person to have been selected as opposite number to a man as tall as Flinders. Mr. Addison greeted him pleasantly and introduced him to his secretary, to whom Flinders gave, for typing, a sheaf of handwritten pages containing his suggestions for conserving and extending the plantations at El Attara. The tentative inquiries he made of Mr. Addison all unfortunately fell within the competence of another authority. Mr. Addison had replied anxiously, "Mr. Rodriguez-O'Hearn will tell you about that," or "That belongs in the province of Mr. Fong," or "You'd better ask Miss Singh in Official Records." And, "Sorry your final check isn't ready. Our accountant is on leave without pay."

Mr. Addison then explained to Flinders that he was himself under great pressure of work, at the same time producing a ticket for a guided tour of the building. The secretary to whom Flinders had delivered his manuscript showed him where to take the elevator, and gave him a yellow slip on which was written out the time and place of this afternoon's meeting.

Now Flinders looked at his watch,

and turned back toward the main building. The gravel paths were narrow, and at each of his impractical long strides his coat was clawed by Gay Flirtation or Pale Memory. His Rush Temporary Pass not having yet been issued, he was obliged to explain his business to the guard at the door before he could enter the building, and again at the cloakroom before he could collect his briefcase and papers. It was exactly three-thirty when he took the elevator for the meeting.

"For an oldie, you're a goodie."

PATRICIO RODRIGUEZ-O'HEARN, short, bald, blue-eyed, and in his fifties, came from Chile. His reserve was remarkable in a man of Latin and Irish blood, but would not otherwise have been noticeable. He was calm and courteous and, since he made a policy of being accessible to his staff, often looked exhausted by the end of the day. Within the Department of Aid to the Less Technically Oriented (DALTO) he was responsible for the overseas assignments of experts. It was to Mr. Rodriguez that Mr. Addison and his colleagues in the Opposite Numbers Unit reported, and Mr. Rodriguez in turn reported to the Chief Coördinator of DALTO. Mr. Rodriguez had been married twice, had a number of young children, and was known to play the piano rather well. When he sat at his desk or, as he did now, at the head of a conference table, he would occasionally follow imaginary notes with his fingers while waiting for discussion to begin.

Flinders, having been placed midway down the table, was quite far from Rodriguez. At Flinders' right was a large lady, gray-suited and gray-haired, from the Social and Anthropological Division. Addison had, of course, been seated opposite. There were perhaps fifteen other members of the meeting, and Flinders found that he was not the only expert reporting that afternoon. On his left, a shock-headed young man named Edrich, back from a three-year assignment as a Civic Coördination expert in the Eastern Mediterranean, was leafing confidently through an envelope of documents. Senior members of DALTO were taking their seats, and there were, in addition, representatives from political offices of the Organization: a thin gentleman with a tremor from the Section on Forceful Implementation of Peace Treaties, and a young woman in a sari from Peaceful Uses of Atomic Weapons. A secretary was distributing pads of white paper and stunted yellow pencils. The room was low-ceilinged, without windows, and carpeted in a yellowish green. At one end of it stood a small movie screen, and at the other a projector. At Flinders' back, a bookcase contained a Concise Oxford Dictionary, a 1952 *Who's Who*, and a great number of Organization documents, bound and numbered: Progress Reports, Draft Conventions, Surveys of the Ad Hoc Working Groups, Reports of the Preparatory Commissions, Study Kits, Sub-Committee Minutes, and Standard Basic Agreements.

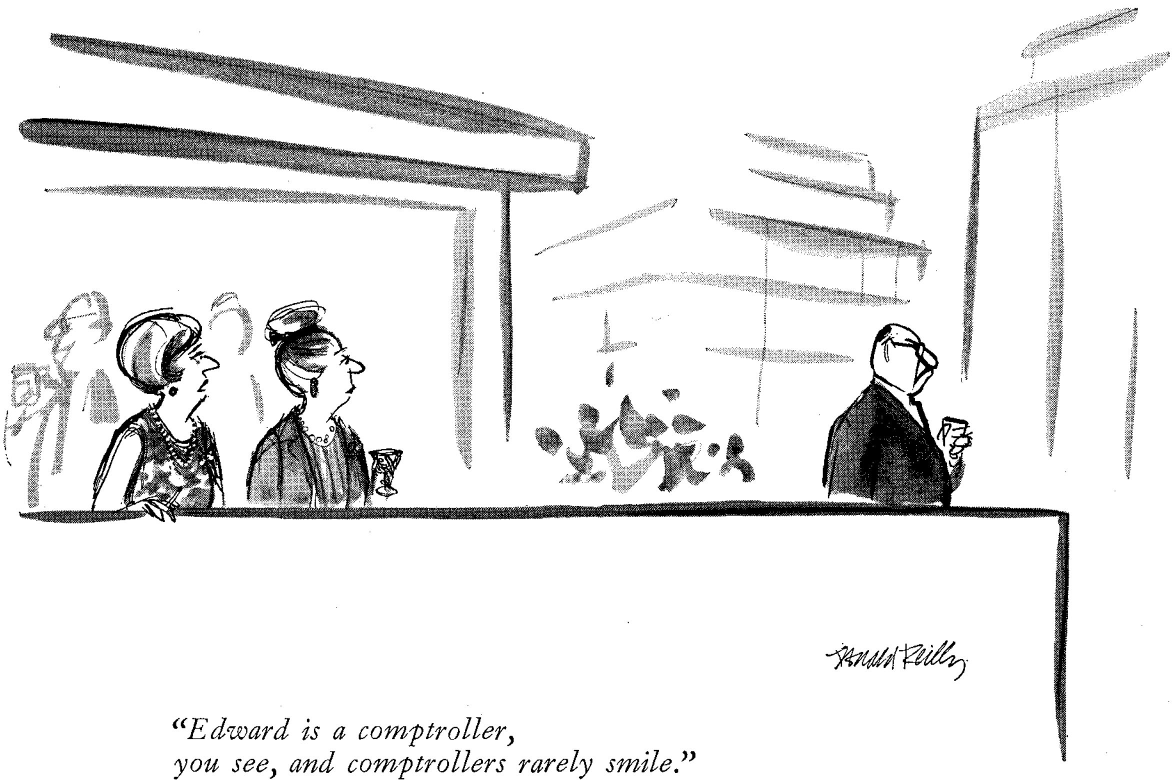
Flinders, having turned to look at the bookcase, soon turned back to the table. He tried by assuming an alert expression to include himself in various conversations taking place around him, but no one paid attention to him. A young man next to Addison said, "These problems are substantive, of course, not operational," and Addison replied, "Of course." "Essential elements," said a Japanese, and "Local infrastructure," responded a Yugoslav. The Forceful Implementation man looked angry, and the girl from Peaceful Uses put her hand on his arm and murmured, "Under great pressure." Someone else said soothingly, "We'll put a Rush on it."

When all the places were taken, Rodriguez-O'Hearn coughed for silence, welcomed the two experts to Headquarters, and introduced them to the meeting. The Anthropological lady leaned across Flinders to ask Edrich a question, but Edrich was nodding around the table and did not see her. Edrich, Flinders noted enviously, seemed to know everybody and had greeted several people by first name. Apart from Addison, who had gone into a temporary eclipse behind the anthropologist, Flinders knew no one at all.

Mr. Rodriguez called on Edrich to describe his work to the meeting; he then leaned back in his chair and took off his glasses.

Edrich leaned forward and put his glasses on. He placed on the table a list of points he had drawn up. "I have," he said, "recently submitted, in six copies, my final report, and this will shortly be available"—here he turned up another paper—"under the document symbol E dash DALTO 603"—he looked again at the paper in his hand—"slash one." He therefore proposed, he said, to give only the briefest summary of his work to the present meeting, and to this end had prepared a list of points on which emphasis might effectively be laid. (Flinders, looking over his shoulder, saw that there were fourteen of these points, on which emphasis had already been effectively laid by repeated underlinings.) Moreover, in accordance with original instructions, Edrich had brought with him a short film showing various stages of his Performance in the Field.

Rodriguez-O'Hearn here suggested, in a quiet but audible voice, that the film be shown first, in order to give even greater reality to Edrich's list of



"Edward is a comptroller, you see, and comptrollers rarely smile."

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points. This agreed, a young man was sent for who, under Edrich's supervision, set up the reel in the projector. Rodriguez shifted his chair, and Flinders, who had his elbows on the table, was asked to move back so that the anthropologist could see the screen. Edrich borrowed a ruler from the outer office, the lights were put out, and the film was set, hissing and crackling, in motion.

Flinders was immediately struck by the similarity of the opening scene to the countryside he had just left. The eroded hills, though steeper, were garlanded with terraces of vines and fruit trees, and glittered white in the meridional sunshine. The village, though even smaller than El Attara, was composed of the same whitewashed houses, the same worn steps and pitted doors. At the well, the women stood talking with their jars at their feet and their children in their arms, and outside the single tavern the old men played cards. The camera wavered over flat roofs and small peeling domes and squinted at stony hills. And upon the whole, as though marking a target, Edrich's ruler now described a great circle.

"This was the deplorable condition of the area when I arrived. Low level of production, cottage industries static for centuries, poor communications with neighboring towns, no telegraph or telephone system, partial electrification, dissemination of information by shepherd's rumor, little or no interest in national or international events. In short, minimal adjustment to contemporary requirements, and incomplete utilization of resources."

Screaming with laughter, a child raced into the camera's path in pursuit of a crowd of chickens.

"As you know," Edrich continued, "the object of the Civic Coördination Program is to tap the dynamics of social change in terms of local aspirations for progress. These aspirations may be difficult to establish in a society where there has been no evolution of attitudes or change in value orientation for generations and where there are no new mechanisms for action within the community structure. In order to create a dynamic growth situation resulting in effective utilization of community potential, aspirations must be identified in relation to felt needs. The individual thus feels himself able to function as a person, at the same time participating in implementation of community goals."

"What are the group relationships?" asked a girl from the Sub-Division on Social Integration, leaning forward tensely for the reply.

"Owing to traditional integration of the family as a unit, the individual seems reluctant to function in a group or subgroup situation. These social patterns may take some time to break down. And this is natural."

"Yes, this is predictable." The girl relaxed in her chair.

"Immediately after my arrival, meetings were organized with local officials to alert them to Civic Coordination projects in the vicinity and to apprise them of the terms of my assignment as agreed between their own government and the Organization." Edrich returned to the film, where a herd of shaggy goats had appeared in the main street, followed by a donkey. "A committee was set up to evaluate needs and resources, and to establish work priorities." The audience was presented with a row of sunburned men in dungarees and open shirts. One was leaning self-consciously on a tall shepherd's staff; another was waving at the camera. "After a certain initial language confusion—owing to a particularly corrupt dialect spoken in this region—my project was enthusiastically accepted, although a slower timetable was eventually agreed upon."

Here the film came to a splicing, and a series of horizontal black lines twitched frantically up the screen.

"The pictures, I think, will speak for themselves from here on."

There followed, when the film resumed, a succession of scenes involving prodigious bodily labor of all kinds. One by one the men and women of the town passed across the screen, carrying great baskets of earth, digging deep and narrow ditches, or, with muscles braced and heads bowed, pushing against a boulder. Once Edrich himself was seen, sitting on a rock and mopping his brow. And once, to the horror of Flinders, a tree was chopped down. A bridge was built, across a stream whose course was subsequently diverted. A little blockhouse of raw brick was laboriously constructed among the whitewashed domes and in no time at all bore the legend "Administration Building" in three languages. In the final episode, every able-bodied member of the community was shown on hands and knees, breaking stones for a road that would connect the area to the nearest industrial center.

The film came to its end in a shower of black-and-white flecks, and the lights were turned on. Members of the meeting got up to stretch their legs and to question Edrich about his fourteen points. A concealed fan was switched on, and vibrated with a slow hum. The technician was running the film back onto its spool. Flinders, watching him, regretted that the course of events could not be similarly rewound. What of the women at the well, he wondered? What of the laughing child that somewhere on the machine spun back to his former deplorable condition—and the flock of chickens now doubtless laying eggs throughout the night in their electrified coops? What improvements were being inflicted on those static cottage industries that had for centuries repeated themselves in the graceful jars about the well?

"Coördination," the voices declared, and "basic procedures." Edrich was pulling out his chair and saying "competent authorities." Flinders resisted claustrophobia; the room was like an upholstered bomb shelter.

"Do you have films with you, Mr. Flinders?"

Rodriguez-O'Hearn was looking at him. From beside his chair, Flinders brought up his briefcase and produced an envelope of colored slides. "A few stills, sir," he said.

The meeting was settling down again, and people were listening to him. He knew that he cut a poor figure, with his nine or ten slides, after Edrich's film. The Arabs had rather disliked being photographed, and in any case he had usually forgotten to take a camera on field trips. He handed the envelope over to the technician. "They're not too clear," he said.

Flinders had never made a speech before. He had been intimidated, too, by Edrich's vocabulary. He felt that his hands were shaking and placed them flat on the table before him. There was a silence as they waited for him to begin.

"In classical times," he began, "the lands bordering the Mediterranean were much more thickly vegetated. If one reads, for example, Euripides' description of the area around Thebes, or Homer's account . . ."

Here he paused for breath, and the Chief of Records asked if he had submitted his final report.

Flinders said that he had compiled a short account of his performance in the Field, and Mr. Addison confirmed that this was with his typist.

"But your final report, Mr. Flinders," the Records Chief persisted, with thinly veiled patience. "Your evaluation of the success of your assignment, in six copies, your recommendations for future concrete measures."

"Given the fluidity of the situation," Edrich put in, with a sympathetic nod to Flinders.

Flinders said slowly that the success of a mission such as his depended on the survival of the trees, which had just been planted.

"Such a condition," the Records Chief said severely, "could not be regarded as an obstacle to the submission of a final report."

"One must give them a chance," said Flinders. "The growth of a hybrid poplar or even a eucalyptus may be a few inches in a season."

"A long-term project, in other words," said Edrich comfortably.

"In others words," Flinders agreed.

Rodriguez-O'Hearn leaned forward a little to speak to him. "Why, Mr. Flinders, have we been subjected to such erosion since classical times?"

Flinders looked at him gravely. "In the main, sir, it is due to overgrazing."

Edrich interpolated, "Correct."

How does *he* know it's correct? Flinders wondered irritably. He went on to speak of the movement of soil particles at certain elevations and in certain wind velocities, the presence of useful or destructive insects, the receptivity of the land—all the circumstances, in fact, which had led to the selection of the trees at El Attara. "In conditions such as these," he said, looking along the row of fatigued faces, "the drought-resistant species has the only hope for survival."

"And it is this type you are concerned with?" inquired Rodriguez-O'Hearn.

"Yes," said Flinders. "Very often these do not give dramatic results." He hesitated. "You see—some of the most valuable types in the world are unspectacular, and hold their own by . . . persistence."

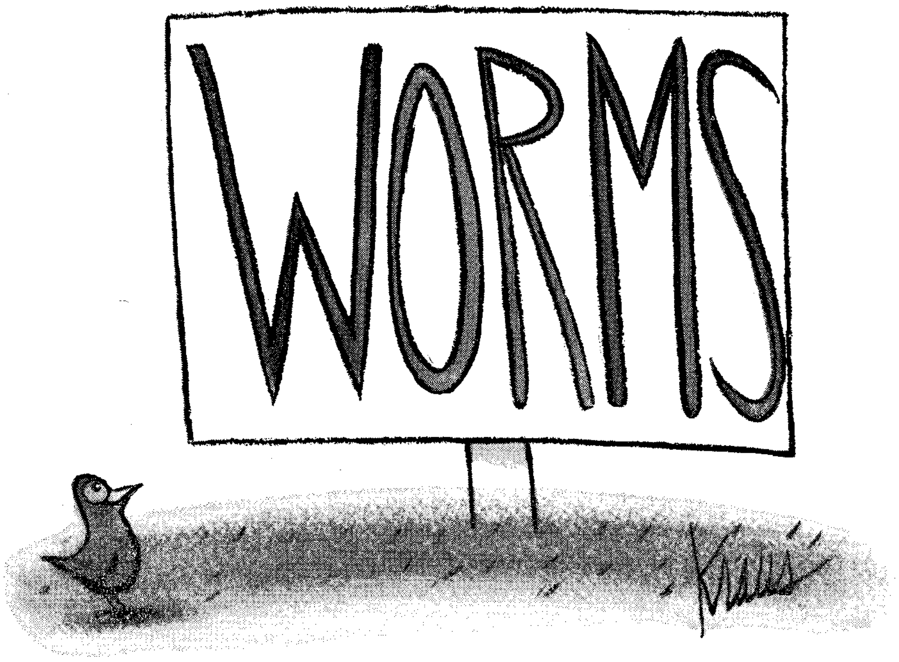
The slides had been set up, and the technician asked for permission to turn out the lights. Flinders, feeling this was expected of him, got up and stood by the screen. In the dark, he could not find Edrich's ruler, and at first, being a rather awkward man, he got in the way of the picture. The slides were in color and, although Flinders had no skill whatever as a photographer, they did derive a certain beauty from the clear air and splendid light of the countryside.

The first slide had been taken from a hilltop; it was a panorama of the area immediately south of El Attara. The contours of this country were European rather than African, and Flinders had often found it possible there to imagine how France or Italy might have looked before their spaciousness was diminished by overpopulation. The hills were covered by green grasses so short that after heavy rain the soil showed through in violet streaks. This picture, however, had been taken during the summer, and the pebbled course of a dry stream wound through a valley of orange groves and cypress trees.

The second and third pictures were views of a depleted slope, furrowed by weather, on whose receding soil a number of sheep were still optimistically feeding.

"This is erosion," Flinders pointed out, unnecessarily. "And this is the site we chose for the first plantation."

The pictures that followed were so repetitious that he could not help wondering why he had taken them. The same hillside, and a large area adjacent to it, were shown in various stages of preparation—but these preparations were so gradual and, Flinders felt, so little obvious to the layman that there



seemed to have been no purpose in recording them.

"The work near El Attara," he said, "serves as an experiment. The country has a conservation program now, and the local people have their own plans for the future."

Someone said uneasily, "And this is good."

"Yes," said Flinders. "Because naturally they have a sense of what they need."

Edrich said doubtfully, "Correct."

Rodriguez-O'Hearn's voice inquired whether Flinders spoke Arabic.

"Not well, sir, I'm afraid." Flinders hesitated. "I've been studying for three years. Semitic languages are difficult for Westerners."

"You made yourself understood, however?"

Flinders smiled. "As to that, sir," he said, "how does one know?"

The last slide came onto the screen. It was a shot taken by Flinders on the morning of the first planting. Halfway up a slope, a parked truck leaned inward on a narrow, unsurfaced road. The angle of the truck was made more precarious by the ditch into which it was partly sunk and the way in which the photograph had been taken. That the truck had just stopped was evident from the cloud of white dust still rising about its wheels. Nevertheless, the gate of the truck's open back was down, and two young men in djellabahs had scrambled aboard. One was already handing down to a forest of upstretched hands the first of the small trees with which the truck was loaded. The waiting peasants—the men in dark djellabahs, the women mostly unveiled and swathed in the bright colors of the country folk—reached up excitedly, but the youth on the truck held the plant with extreme care. Behind him in the truck, young trees were stacked up in even rows, their roots wrapped in hessian; on the hillside above the road, dozens of small craters had already been turned in the fresh earth.

Flinders had forgotten taking the picture, although now he remembered it with a pang of nostalgic pleasure—the brilliant January morning, the shouts of delight which greeted the arrival of the loaded truck, the many serious shakings of his hand, the good omens invoked, and the long day's work that followed. He recognized all the faces in the picture—most were from the vicinity of El Attara, and a few from villages close to the planting site. Everyone in the picture seemed to be smiling, even two children who were rolling up stones for the wheels of the truck.

BOY

He is in his room sulked shut. His small
fist of a face clenched. His tears
as close to holy water as I recall
any first font shining. A boy, and fierce
in his sacrament, father-forced this two-
faced way love has. And I, who

am chain-chafed and galled as any son,
his jailor; my will, his cell;
his hot eyes, mine. "Whose will be done?"
I think, wrong as a man. Oh, very well—
I make too much of nothing much. My
will a while. A boy's tears dry

into the smudge of any jam. Time hurts,
but I am not much destiny. I am,
at best, what cries with him; at worst,
that smallest God, the keeper of one lamb
that must be made to follow. Where?
That takes more God than I am to make clear.

I'm wrong as a man is. But right as love,
and father of the man whose tears I bless
in this bud boy. May he have cried enough
when he has cried this little. I confess
I don't know my own reasons or own way.
May sons forgive the fathers they obey.

—John Ciardi

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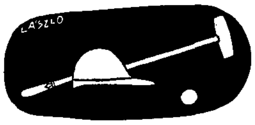
A voice in the dark said, "*They* look happy, at any rate."

The technician said, "I guess that's all."

The lights went on, and the slide, remaining a moment longer on the screen, grew pale. Flat and dreamlike, the hillside stood at one end of the conference room, and the reaching figures threw up their arms on an empty wall.

There was a click. The picture vanished. Someone lit a cigarette. The members of the meeting were looking at their watches and speaking about appointments, perhaps thinking of their afternoon tea. A girl with flat black hair had come in and was handing a message to Rodriguez-O'Hearn. The one or two questions that were asked of Flinders had, he felt, little to do with what he had said. Addison made an appointment to lunch with him next day, and the girl from Peaceful Uses said she looked forward enormously to discussing with him the effects of nuclear testing in the Sahara. In the meantime, Rodriguez-O'Hearn, whom Flinders wanted to meet, had disappeared. A secretary came in to empty the ashtrays and align the chairs. It occurred to Flinders that another meeting was about to take place here; the very idea was exhausting.



He left the room and walked down a gray-tiled corridor. He wished that he had gone to the trouble of taking a film, like Edrich, or had at least prepared the right kind of final report. He felt now that he should have been able to address the meeting in its own language—that language of ends and trends, of agenda and addenda, of concrete measures in fluid situations, which he had never set himself to master. At El Attara they had needed help, and he had done what he could, but he had not been able to speak to the meeting with confidence about this work. He knew the problem of erosion to be immense; and the trees, being handed down that way, had looked so few and so small.

At the elevator he met Edrich, looking shorter and older than he had in the conference room. Flinders would have told him what was in his heart, but he somehow felt that Edrich was not the one to receive the information. They took the elevator down, and Edrich got off at the Clinic. Flinders continued to the main floor and, leaving the building by a side entrance, went out through the rose garden.

RODRIGUEZ-O'HEARN put down the telephone. His secretary, hearing him ring off, brought him his afternoon coffee in a cardboard container.

"Thank you, Miss Shamsee."

"Regular with sugar," she replied,

pulling up a metal blind. In the early outside darkness, red and yellow lights were being turned on. The river icily reflected the crimson Frosti-Cola sign.

"Any other messages?"

She put a slip of paper in his calendar. "Tomorrow afternoon, meeting at three-thirty. Two more experts reporting: Suzuki, in public accounting, and Raman, malaria control."

"Better get up their files."

"I've already sent for them."

Rodriguez-O'Hearn drank his coffee, and made a space for the container among the papers on his blotter. He sighed. He tipped back his chair. "To think," he said, "Miss Shamsee, that when I was a young man I wanted to be the conductor of an orchestra."

She took the empty container off the desk and dropped it in the wastebasket. "That's what you are," she said, "in a manner of speaking."

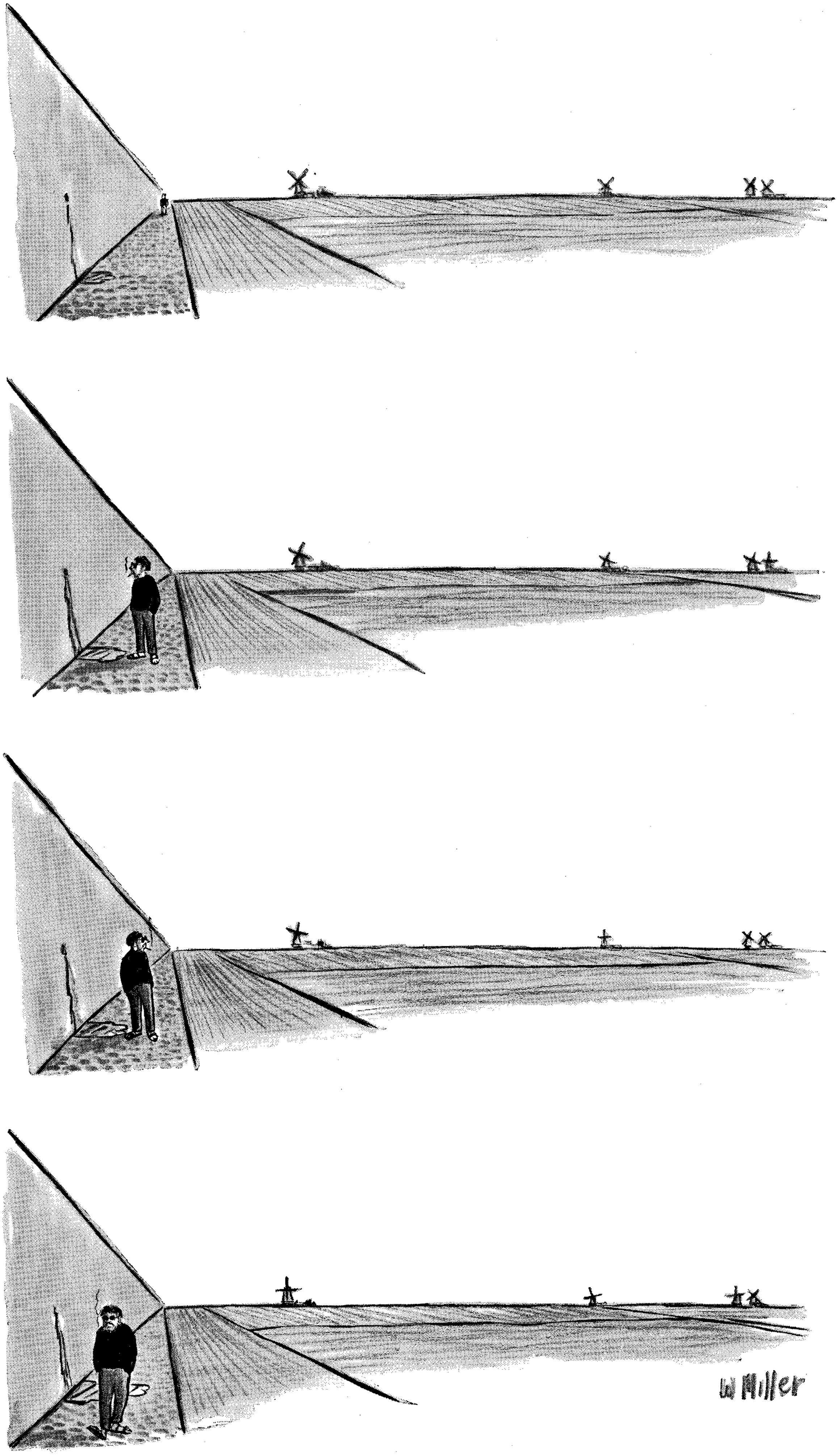
"No, no," he said, but tipped his chair down again. "Such mistakes we make," he said.

When the girl went out, he looked through his "in" tray. He then wrote a note asking Addison to bring Flinders to see him the following day, signed several recommendations for new experts, and began to read a report, making notes in the margin. When his secretary next came in, however, with an armful of files, she found him looking out the window.

"Miss Shamsee," he said solemnly, "I'm afraid we have suffered much erosion since classical times."

She was used to him, and merely put the files in his "in" tray. She saw, however, as she did so, that on the edge of his blotter he had drawn a small tree.

—Shirley Hazzard



SEVEN WHITEFACE

YOU know how long Mama was sick. Down. The Piggly let us and let us have all they could. Yes, everybody did all they could. But it got to where—with the end expenses—I paid a lady to stay with her and went on in to the King's Town Bank. I hadn't ever been in the bank before. It's nice in there. Mr. Houston waited on me. My uncle used to work for them and right away he knew who I was. Well, what I got that day, one hundred and sixty-four dollars, is right at what I owe today. The reason it stayed the same was that I paid the cost of the money but wasn't able to pay it back itself.

But you see when that money's due, every time it comes due, I am back in that bank. I see Mr. Houston again and tell him exactly how it is. These seven whiteface I have now are the same seven we had when Mama passed. It wouldn't take but one to pay the note. But Mr. Roosevelt, every time I can catch up with him, says not yet. Oh, yes, he has been running this plantation so many years his word is law. He listens to that radio talk early in the morning and says no, Roxie, not yet awhile. The market's going up.

Well, what I have been telling you is the way it *has* been. But Mr. Houston last time I was in the bank said that even if I was as good as gold—those were his words—I would have to pay the money this month. It had been too long. His examiners were coming from New Orleans and they were going to examine him and find that part of the bank's money gone and I would have to pay.

I walked on home, my mind at peace like it always is because I trust God (He's been so good, so good through the years), and when I got to the house I put down my little bundle here—always carry a fresh apron to see can I run onto new housework and make some change—and I kneel there on the porch and thank my Heavenly Father for good people like Mr. Houston and the Piggly and them. Nobody can see through my sweet olive bush and I pray whenever I feel like it. Then I go on in, everything so neat and pretty with those ready-made flowers on Mama's dresser, the doily under them never losing starch because that kind don't use any water. And I say to myself, I've got to go ahead and sell a whiteface—but which whiteface and how to keep Mr. Roosevelt from being vexed if I do sell. *That's* something not everybody understands. Unless he is pleased with you and wants you right where you are, you can't stay on this place. Oh, he's good, mighty good, but he wants to say or not say what lady people do.

One reason he acts that way is the time I had thinking I was married to Mr. Cecile Collier. I never could see the whole thing of that. Parts of it are clear in my mind, but never all. I cooked to suit Mr. Collier, he praised that, I kept on about how fine he was and raised pigs and things up to a size he could sell just on peelings—never thought of buying a sack of feed—but then he complained he couldn't make a wife of me. When I would ask him—I try to be true to our Lord and not live without a license—why can't we go in to the Courthouse and . . . and finish it, Mr. Collier would shake his head just like you see me shaking mine now. And he wasn't satisfied, I know that, because he went on off without a word to me or Mama. He took a few little things—not much, a hoe and half a book of S. & H.—and left me single.

Still, I am as contented and keep as close to God as I possibly can, not knowing when He will want me, but this money I owe has risen up across my mind, bothering it.

Well, the day before yesterday, I was picking berries down near the turn in the creek and I met an old man—you may know him—that stays over on the Moon Range. He looked at me just as funny and we started talking. He was a nice old man, and before I knew what I was doing I had told him all my worry about the money.

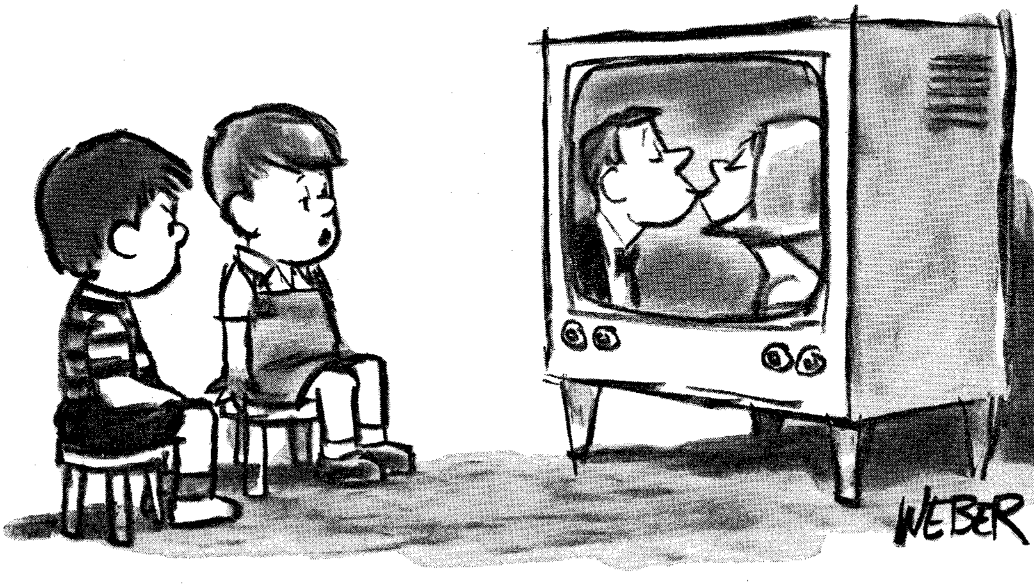
"Why, there's nothing to that," he said, awfully old but still like he had his mind. "I'll pay that for you and think nothing of it."

Dear good sweet Jesus, I thought. How did you ever know to put this exact old man right here in these bushes? "When can we arrange it?" I asked him. "When can you set to go in to the bank with me, or how would you like to do it?" Their faces looked just as clear in my mind—Mr. Houston's and the other bank people's—smiling at the money.

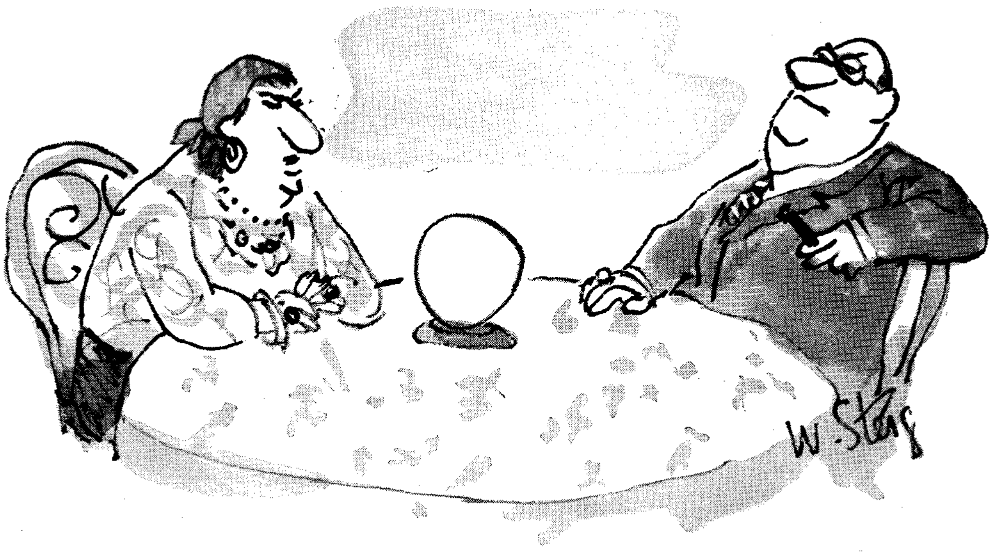
Have you ever had a dream when the end of it won't come? The good part just keeps going on and on, too long for you to trust it? When I got home and thought about that old man—he'd taken a hatful of berries I gave him on back to the Moon Range—his kindness was so real that I began to think he wasn't any natural man. Still, he had said he would come to the bank at nine o'clock. He told me I could get a ride with a truck that would be going from the Moon Range to King's Town and that it would stop for me at Buck's corner. So he *must* have been an actual man and in his right head to settle all of this.

Please now don't tell Mr. Roosevelt about this new man. Ever since I went through that disappointment with Mr. Collier, he has taken right smart of his time to make sure I'm not acting foolish, and he's right, he's right, but let me go on.

When I got up the day we were supposed to pay the money, I went out and saw to the stock—there they were lined



"Let's wait. Maybe he kills her or something."



"*You make one big mistake—you're too trusting.*"

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up by the back door for their cottonseed meal and lick of salt, all seven, and I petted them like I always do. Then I put on my town clothes and that pair of play shoes that were too tight for the lady in King's Town that I work for on Saturdays—light blue and pretty as a picture. I caught the pickup at the place the old man told me and got to the bank early, too early for his promise. But after a few people have passed and I have spoken, here comes the Moon Range station wagon and pulls up to the bank curb where I am sitting on the bottom step. Out gets the same identical man who wanted to pay. He looks all around before he finds me. Then he smiles and I start helping him up the steps one at a time. "I guess you see now that I am as good as my word," he says.

In the lobby I didn't know exactly where to take him, but Mr. Houston came right out and touched my sleeve. I told him what we had come to do, and he was happy like I knew he would be. He led us in to his part of the bank and put out chairs for us while he went to get the note.

Looking right into the face of this new man, I got to thinking, With him *and* the seven whiteface I needn't to worry again about anything the rest of my life. He was so soft looking in all those wrinkles. His eyes were cataracted up some, but you could tell he could still see out of them. His hands were stiff and curved like they were around something, but they weren't. Mr. Houston came back and put my signature note down on his desk. "All right now, Roxie," he said, "we are going to mark this paid and you can forget it."

I felt awfully bad to call him just straight out like that, but the old man wasn't listening. "Excuse me, sir," I said, "but it is time to do it. It is time to pay the money." Maybe he was waiting for me to say when I would pay *him* back, I thought, but no, he didn't have anything on his mind but plain kindness. He got up on his feet and began to feel around in his pockets, pulling his suspenders down so far I was afraid to look for fear I might see his drawers. Then he drew it out, a blue check like the kind the government sends, and handed it over to Mr. Houston.

"Well, I declare, Willard," Mr. Houston said, "you liked to have fooled me there for a minute. I thought you didn't have it." He got up out of the bank chair and took the old man's arm. "Thank you very much. Now here's the check back and Roxie's all taken care of. You better hurry on back to the Moon Range or you'll miss dinner with the hands." He walked with the old man clear to the door, but Mr. Willard—that was who it was—made him stop long enough to turn around and wave me goodbye. He was certainly lovely.

Mr. Houston explained to me that he wouldn't have hurt Willard's feelings for anything in the world, but that check had to be signed by the foreman at the Moon Range. Some new white people from up north have bought the place and they let Willard stay on, since it was his home, but as a general rule he ate all the check and went over, what with a few little cuts of Bull of the Woods and a dip or two of snuff. It was just a mistake, the whole thing, and I still need to pay the money. But I made a nice friend and to me that's what counts the most.

Now if I go ahead and sell a whiteface, Mr. Roosevelt is going to see me with only six and make a fuss. Besides, he will scare that one-eyed fellow who drives the cattle truck for going behind his back and then I can never get the truck again no matter what.

Mama thought the world and all of him—of Mr. Roosevelt, I mean. Whenever she sent for him, he fixed her roof, sprayed for roaches, whatever she wanted him to do. And a cold spell never came that he didn't back up to our front gallery and throw us off some wood. But much as she thought of him she wasn't going to humble down to anyone except our Saviour. If *she* owed this money—not to sound proud, but her mind is plain to me after all those blessed years—she would have gone on and sold a whiteface, any which one, and got it paid. That is what I have to do, find her courage. And then when he comes to the door afterward I'll go and smile and ask him in. And when he starts out about what happened—he thought I had seven and there are only six—I'll be just as quiet and wait on him to finish. Then I'll tell him it was the person who'd passed's wishes being carried out—Mama's.

THERE'S no need to ever mention the part about the old man—just keep all that out like it never happened. Still and all, when the bank is paid I am going to return his kindness with some buttered biscuits or a sweet-potato pie. He was so happy to help me—you could see that—and he never knew he didn't, he never knew he *couldn't*. Biscuits would be about the best. He might not remember to bring back a piepan, old as he is, and Mama set a lot of store by those three she had, and I wouldn't want to lose sight of them for her sake. I can already tell that six whiteface is as good as seven, with friends like I have here on earth and God up yonder all the time, watching. I'll just fix a plate of biscuits and slip over onto the Moon Range with it and see how my cooking suits him.

—Berry Morgan

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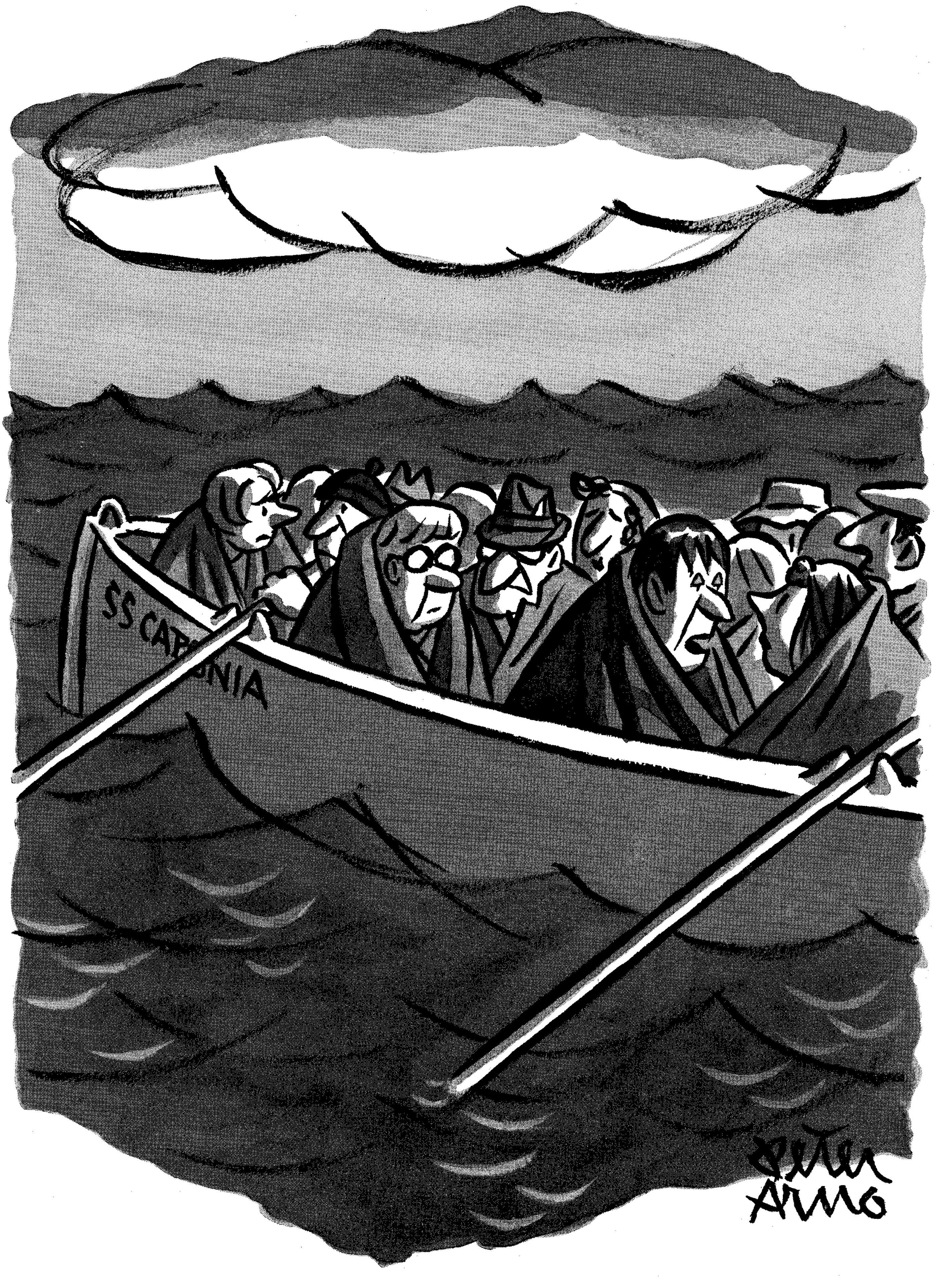
He has finished a brave, beautiful, inevitable show, brave in the sense of continuing a courage bequeathed by Cezanne to painters like himself; beautiful in the syllabic simplicity of his new language; inevitable in the sense that someone had to do it and Teitelbaum appears to be the man. He has worked himself free of the Twentieth Century.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

And with not a minute to spare.


SS CARPONIA
Peter Arno

"Now I suppose we can look forward to a reunion with this crowd every year for the rest of our lives."

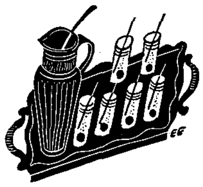
ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

MEDICARE

IV—A SACRED TRUST

ALTHOUGH a politician who has won an election invariably announces that he has been given a mandate to carry out all the campaign promises he made, it is usually impossible to determine whether the voters' support means that they share all, many, or even some of his views. Maybe they simply couldn't stand the other fellow. During the campaign of 1964, President Johnson repeatedly promised that if he was elected he would see to it that Congress enacted a program of national health insurance for men and women sixty-five or over—a program usually known as Medicare—which during the previous session had been passed in the Senate but not in the House. The supporters of the bill naturally interpreted Mr. Johnson's overwhelming victory at the polls as a complete triumph for their own cause. "Clearest Mandate for Medicare in Lyndon B. Johnson's Landslide," ran a headline in the *Senior Citizens News*, the monthly newsletter of the National Council of Senior Citizens, whose members—two and a half million of them—had been avidly lobbying for passage of the measure throughout the Kennedy-Johnson administration. And, just as naturally, the opponents of the bill—primarily the American Medical Association—dismissed claims of this sort out of hand. According to Dr. Donovan B. Ward, president of the A.M.A., such statements constituted "an arrogant affront to the dignity and integrity of those who have just been elected." Those who had just been elected to Congress were far less impressed by all the claims and counterclaims about mandates than they were by the fact that most of the sixty-nine freshmen Democrats who had just been elected to the House of Representatives—long a burial ground for all health-insurance legislation—owed, or believed they owed, their victories to the Johnson landslide. Beyond that, a fair number of incumbents who occupied shaky seats were indebted to Mr. Johnson for help during the campaign. Accordingly, as far as most of the Democrats in the House were concerned, if the President said he had a mandate for Medicare, he had a mandate for Medicare.

When President Johnson delivered his State of the Union Address on January 4, 1965, the first day of the Eighty-ninth Congress, and called for action on a Medicare bill as the first order of business, no one in the government doubted that he would get it. In a ceremonious response to his appeal, the Democratic leaders in Congress immediately arranged to let Senator Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, and Representative Cecil R. King, of California, introduce identical bills, numbered S. 1 and H.R. 1, in the Senate and in the House. In its provisions for hospital and nursing-home care, the measure was much the same as one that Anderson and King had submitted to the previous Congress, but there was one significant change in its financing. Representative Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, and one of the two or three most powerful men in Congress, had formerly opposed government health insurance; after the election he had come around to accepting the fact that some sort of Medicare bill was inevitable, but he insisted upon protecting the actuarial soundness of the Social Security program, through which funds for Medicare were to be raised, by keeping those funds entirely separate from the program's pension funds, and the administration had acceded to his demand. On the second day of Congress, the membership of the Ways and Means Committee, reflecting the Democrats' new majority in the House, of better than two to one, was changed from fifteen Democrats and ten Republicans to seventeen Democrats and eight Republicans. This gave the bill's supporters a margin of at least three votes on the committee, where all tax legislation must originate in the House, thus assuring that the measure would not be blocked there, as it had been in the past. Moreover, there was a general feeling that the increase in Democratic support for Medicare had been attended by a lessening of Republican opposition. Polls showed that two-thirds of the nation's voters favored the bill, and it was believed that many Republicans were far more sensitive to public opinion on this topic than they had been a few months before. At the beginning of the session, Representative Frank T. Bow, a conservative Republican from Ohio, sent all members of his party in the House a letter in which he said, in part, "Social Security and medical care were primary issues in 1964, and the Republican response on these issues was a major factor in the disaster that befell us." Representative Charles Halleck, of Indiana, who had played a large role in that disaster, was replaced as Minority Leader in the House by Representative Gerald Ford, of Michigan, who promised a program of positive opposition to the Democrats. Rumor had it that one move in this direction would be a Republican alternative to Medicare.



On January 7th, the President sent a special Health Message to Congress, in which he again called for passage of the King-Anderson bill. Afterward, Mills told reporters that he hoped to get it through his committee and onto the floor of the House by March. Although Mills had previously stated in public that he was no longer opposed to Medicare, the A.M.A.'s leaders were stunned by this remark. "They were furious at Mills for what they considered the ultimate in perfidy," Michael J. O'Neill, a Washington correspondent for the New York *Daily News* who had covered A.M.A. activities for many years, reported at the time. "And Mills was furious at them for their blind refusal to accept reality. They couldn't understand that on a great controversial issue like this one Mills wasn't a conservative or a liberal or a moderate. He was a politician. And he has always been a consummately adroit one. If he couldn't stop the bill, he was naturally going to turn it to his own purposes, even if it meant that he ended up sponsoring it."

A couple of days after Mills predicted prompt action on Medicare, about two hundred representatives of state medical societies met in Chicago, in accordance with arrangements that the A.M.A. had made the previous November. At the Chicago meeting, the Association's trustees reaffirmed their determination to fight on, and said they hoped to get Mills to reverse himself, or, failing that, to get the pro-Medicare people who had been elected to the House to reverse themselves. Several of those present pointed out that Mills, having finally put himself on record, could not possibly retreat, even if he wanted to. Moreover, they noted,

"We could have a viable representative democratic government here tomorrow if all these dissident voices would shut up!"

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if the new pro-Medicare margin in the House was cut by half—which was more than anyone could reasonably hope—it would still be large enough to put the bill through. "To concede defeat is to invite it," one of the trustees told the rebels sternly. Then, in a surprise move, the trustees informed the gathering that they had devised a new program, which, they stated, "would provide far more to our elderly citizens than is proposed in the administration's Medicare tax program." As the plan was outlined in broad terms by Dr. Ward, it would provide federal and state grants to subsidize private health-insurance policies for old people who wanted them. This would be done through the procedures already established by the Kerr-Mills law, which made federal money available to match state funds for providing medical care for old people who were not on welfare but were too poor to pay their own medical bills. The A.M.A. called its plan the Doctors' Eldercare Program, and Dr. Ward announced that in order to secure support for Eldercare among doctors—whose enthusiasm for the expenditure of their own money was beginning to wane noticeably—and to arrange for still another publicity drive to arouse the lay public, the House of Delegates, which theoretically sets policy for the Association, would meet early in February for a two-day special session.

On January 27th, the day the Ways and Means Committee convened to hold executive-session hearings on the King-Anderson bill, two of its opponents on the committee—A. Sydney Herlong, Democrat of Florida, and Thomas B. Curtis, Republican of Missouri—introduced Eldercare in the House, an event that Dr. Ward called a "breakthrough of historic importance." Apart from its sponsors, no one in Congress took the breakthrough very seriously. "Everyone in the House knows that it's nonsense," Representative Al Ullman, Democrat of Oregon, who was a leading Medicare supporter on the committee, said at the time. "By itself, it would provide little that cannot be done under existing law—that is, if the states agree to do it." He went on to suggest that since few states had been able to participate in the Kerr-Mills program to any appreciable extent, even fewer would be able to participate in the A.M.A.'s far more expensive plan through the same procedures. If all the states did participate, it was estimated, the program would cost them and the federal government a total of something like four billion dollars annually. Another Democrat, Representative Frank Thompson, of New Jersey, expressed his opinion of Eldercare by informally suggesting an alternative to it, which he called Doctorcare. It was to be financed by a two-per-cent federal tax on applesauce, and the funds were to be used to provide special therapy for any physician who felt himself suffering from an urge to make house calls; if he didn't respond satisfactorily to the arguments of his colleagues over the phone, he was to be rushed to the nearest Cadillac showroom.

The day after Eldercare was dropped into the legislative hopper, Representative John W. Byrnes, of Wisconsin, announced that he had prepared a new bill that would pay just about every kind of medical expense incurred by the elderly. As the ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee, Byrnes was understood to be acting on behalf of his party's leadership in the House. His bill, which had actually been prepared by a leading insurance company, provided, like Eldercare, for subsidies to pay for private health-insurance policies. Unlike Eldercare, the disposition of the subsidies was to be in the hands of the federal government rather than of state governments—an arrangement that had always been unacceptable to the A.M.A. Two-thirds of the cost—about three and a half billion dollars a year—was to come out of the general revenues of the Treasury, and one-third out of deductions from the monthly Social Security checks received by those who voluntarily signed up. The A.M.A. pleaded with Byrnes not to submit his bill, arguing that it would drain away support for Eldercare. Since there was no support for Eldercare to speak of anyway, Byrnes went ahead and submitted his bill. The move was generally dismissed as a political grandstand play, and

Byrnes himself privately conceded that the bill had no chance.

The A.M.A.'s House of Delegates met on February 6th, in a Chicago hotel called the Pick-Congress. Dr. Milford O. Rouse, the speaker of the house, opened the session by calling for "sober, optimistic, practical, dedicated enthusiasm and action." He refused afterward to tell reporters how much the action was going to cost. "We are not a wealthy organization," he said. "We have a modest reserve for a day just like this." The reserve was $14,735,000. The trustees denied reports that they were ready to spend four million dollars on the campaign, but it was then revealed that the A.M.A. had already distributed that sum to the state societies, which were expected to match it. One figure that was not in dispute was five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which had been set aside, Dr. Ward announced, for newspaper, magazine, radio, and TV advertising. Shortly after the meeting, the Illinois Medical Society levied a special assessment on its members that raised a quarter of a million dollars, and a little later the Maryland Medical Society, also through a special assessment, raised a hundred and forty thousand dollars. When a member of the House Ways and Means Committee was told about these efforts, he smiled and said, "If we can rush Medicare through, we should be able to save the doctors several million dollars."

The A.M.A.'s strategy at that time was inspired by two recent events. The first was the publication early in January of a Gallup poll showing that although two-thirds of the people supported Medicare, forty per cent of them thought it covered all medical expenses. During the previous year, the A.M.A. had, more or less in passing, attacked Medicare on the ground that its coverage was inadequate, and now the Association began concentrating on this point, charging that the bill would take care of, variously, only twenty, twenty-three, or twenty-five per cent of the participants' medical expenses. The second event was Goldwater's unintentional success in scaring the wits out of older voters by his attacks on the Social Security system. An A.M.A. advertisement, fairly typical of thousands that soon appeared around the country, showed a pair of hands tearing a Social Security card in two, and warned "DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!" Below were the heading "Federal Medicare," followed by a description of its limited benefits, and, next to it, the heading "Doctors' Eldercare," followed by a description of its "unlimited" benefits, including coverage of all charges for hospitals, physicians, nursing homes, and drugs. The last line of the advertisement read, "A federal Medicare program could jeopardize your future through bankrupting the Social Security system." This particular advertisement appeared widely in the home district of one of the co-sponsors of the Eldercare bill, Representative Herlong. Prompted by the National Council of Senior Citizens, some of the elderly among Herlong's constituents flooded him with angry letters; an old man in Ormond Beach, for example, asked, "Congressman, what aren't you capable of?" The National Council tipped off a reporter for United Press International about these letters, and he called Herlong, who promptly attacked the A.M.A. for making misleading statements. "For them to give the impression that [Eldercare] provides complete coverage is not so," he said. "It just makes it available for the states to provide it if they want to." Shortly after this interview appeared in Washington newspapers, one of the A.M.A.'s top officers and its chief lobbyist called on Herlong at his office. An hour later, Herlong issued a statement modifying what he had said earlier and attacking the Medicare forces for circulating "implied claims" about *their* bill.

On February 8th, the day after the A.M.A.'s House of Delegates wound up its special meeting in Chicago, Dr. Ward and several of his colleagues appeared before an executive-session hearing of the Committee on Ways and Means. In the committee's earlier, public hearings, the chairman had indulged those witnesses, for both sides, who were clearly more interested in scoring debating points than in contributing to the committee's legislative purpose. But executive-session hearings were businesslike affairs. The committee was about to devise a bill, and its members wanted, and needed, all the expert assistance they could get on the complicated technical problems involved. In the invitations that Mills sent out to witnesses he specifically asked them to

restrict their testimony to matters within their competence. All the witnesses complied except Dr. Ward and the A.M.A. officials accompanying him. They talked about economics, sociology, public welfare, and the Social Security system, and repeated, almost verbatim, the allegations made in their advertising. "The A.M.A. people had absolutely *nothing* constructive to offer," one member of the committee said afterward. "They spouted the usual nonsense, as if we were conducting a propaganda forum rather than a serious meeting. Then, when we indicated that we weren't interested, they got rude and ungentlemanly. Even Herlong and Curtis were annoyed. The behavior of the A.M.A. witnesses was the greatest favor that could have been done for the Medicare cause. Their refusal to cooperate relieved us of any obligation to them."

At one point during Dr. Ward's presentation of his prepared statement, he said:

> We have seen a story in the February 1 issue of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* which quotes "an unpublished study by top government actuaries" and contains some rather ominous information, to state the matter mildly. According to the *Globe-Democrat*, the government actuaries have estimated that the cost of H.R. 1 would reach $3.8 billion a year by 1975, and, further, that the proposed special health-care fund would be just about broke by then. Let me quote . . . from the news story: "By 1975, according to the still secret study, the fund would be down to about $275 million. By 1976 the fund would be empty. What would happen then, in all probability, is that money would have to be diverted from the regular Social Security retirement fund to meet the Medicare deficits."

Representative Ullman, after saying, "I am only sorry that we must proceed in the writing of this bill without the technical assistance that your organization might have given us," proceeded to take up the *Globe-Democrat* story in some detail. "These are serious charges, and you simply don't bandy them around," he said to Dr. Ward. "Do you know where they came from?" Dr. Ward answered that he could get the reporter's name, since it was a byline story, and added that he would be "very happy to authenticate that statement." Ullman told him that it wouldn't be necessary. One reason Ullman and other members of the committee didn't feel that any further elaboration by the A.M.A. was necessary was that they already had a pretty good idea how the figures had found their way into print. A week earlier, Robert J. Myers, the chief actuary of the Social Security Administration, had appeared before the committee to answer various technical questions about the funding provisions of the King-Anderson bill. In the course of his testimony, Myers had used the figures that were later cited in the *Globe-Democrat* article, but had used them as a hypothetical demonstration of the fact that health-care funds would be depleted by 1976 unless the taxable wage base was raised periodically—as the bill provided. Having testimony taken by his own committee quoted back to him in a distorted form obviously angered Mills. "This was not secret information," he said to Dr. Ward. "This was information that I understand was obtained directly from Mr. Myers." Myers himself was in the room at the time, and

THE SUN SHOWER

. . . Miracles occur
If you care to call those spasmodic
Tricks of radiance miracles.
—*Sylvia Plath.*

Down the street
a Sunday of empty parks.
Clouds assemble
like the gray stones of a prison,
and the river's blown ripple-patterns
grow suddenly still,
as restless men grow still
before the world's great battles
or a hanging.

All day
I have watched myself move
through dirty windows.
Whenever I thought to ask,
puddles would back me
with a sky whose wisdom was darkening
toward rain.

When it does come—
cold, drowsy as hemlock—
the drizzle packs me
into a doorway's upright box.
To the right, to the left,
clocks display
their blank, numbered faces
cared for by spider limbs
behind my face,
which hangs, a faint ghost
about to evaporate,
in the glass between this universe
of wheels, wheelings, whirs, insect speech,
and a town wiped out by rain.

Strange thoughts
begin to breathe at the back of my mind
like the unshelled bodies of snails.
But the rain's effects change
from mouselight and hypnosis
to long spattering bursts
of relief. The overcast breaks up
like an ice field in April,
and wherever the sun's light comes true,
on the sleek tar, on the rinsed
roofs and hoods and bumpers of cars,
even on dead water,
it surprises thousands
of horned creatures the color of glass,
whose looked-through lives become visible
only when they have something to dance about.

—George Amabile

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Ullman asked him what had happened. It seemed that while Myers had not discussed the figures in question with any newspaper reporters, he had discussed them in some detail with other individuals. "The figures were obtained from my office by a representative of the American Medical Association, and they were from our worksheets," Myers said. When Dr. Ward left the witness chair, Mills watched him depart, and then turned to a colleague and said, "It's amazing. They haven't learned a thing."

AFTER the Committee on Ways and Means had heard the six-hundred-and-forty-first witness to appear before it since it opened its first hearings on the King-Anderson bill, in 1961, Mills announced in mid-February that the committee would begin to prepare the bill that would be sent to the floor of the House. Besides Medicare, Eldercare, the Byrnes bill, and a dozen other health-insurance measures that members of the House had submitted, the committee had before it an expanded and liberalized Kerr-Mills bill that Mills had introduced in the House in January and an amendment to the Social Security law providing a cash increase in pension benefits that had been deadlocked in a joint Senate-House conference committee the previous fall. Curtis and Herlong seemed rather embarrassed by Eldercare, and had little to say for it—so little, in fact, that they never brought it up for a vote—but Byrnes went all out for his contribution, which he began calling Bettercare. Byrnes's claim that his bill provided far more comprehensive coverage than any of the other bills made the Democrats uneasy, for although the Republicans might have no hope of getting the measure through Congress, they could be counted on to use it later as an example of how they had been trying to take care of old people when the Democrats betrayed them with a halfway piece of legislation. Mills had long been convinced that many people would be disappointed in Medicare—and angry at the administration that was responsible for it—when they found out how relatively little it gave them. Now, to make matters worse, the A.M.A.'s publicity on this point seemed likely to give organized medicine a we-told-you-so advantage in the consideration of any future legislation. In any event, on the morning of March 2nd Mills called on Wilbur Cohen, an Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, who was the administration's representative at the hearings and its expert on everything pertaining to Social Security, and asked him to give the committee a run-through of the various bills under consideration. At around three o'clock that afternoon, Cohen finished with the last of them—the Byrnes bill—and everyone looked at Mills to see what he would do next. No one was prepared for what happened. Turning to Byrnes, Mills said, "You know, John, I like that idea of yours"—the idea being Byrnes's plan for a voluntary program that the participants would help to pay for by agreeing to have small deductions taken from their monthly Social Security checks. As Mills continued, however, it became apparent that he liked the idea not as an alternative to Medicare but as a supplement to it. This arrangement, he explained, would provide a sort of three-layer cake: the expanded Kerr-Mills program making up the bottom layer, to take care of those close to indigence; Medicare making up the middle layer, to take care of the costs of hospital, nursing-home, and home-health care for the rest of the elderly; and the voluntary supplement making up the top layer, to take care of doctors' fees, in and out of hospitals. Then Mills turned back to Cohen and asked if the supplement could be made a

"My dear Mrs. Dawson, the competitive drive is in all of us. I simply do something about it."

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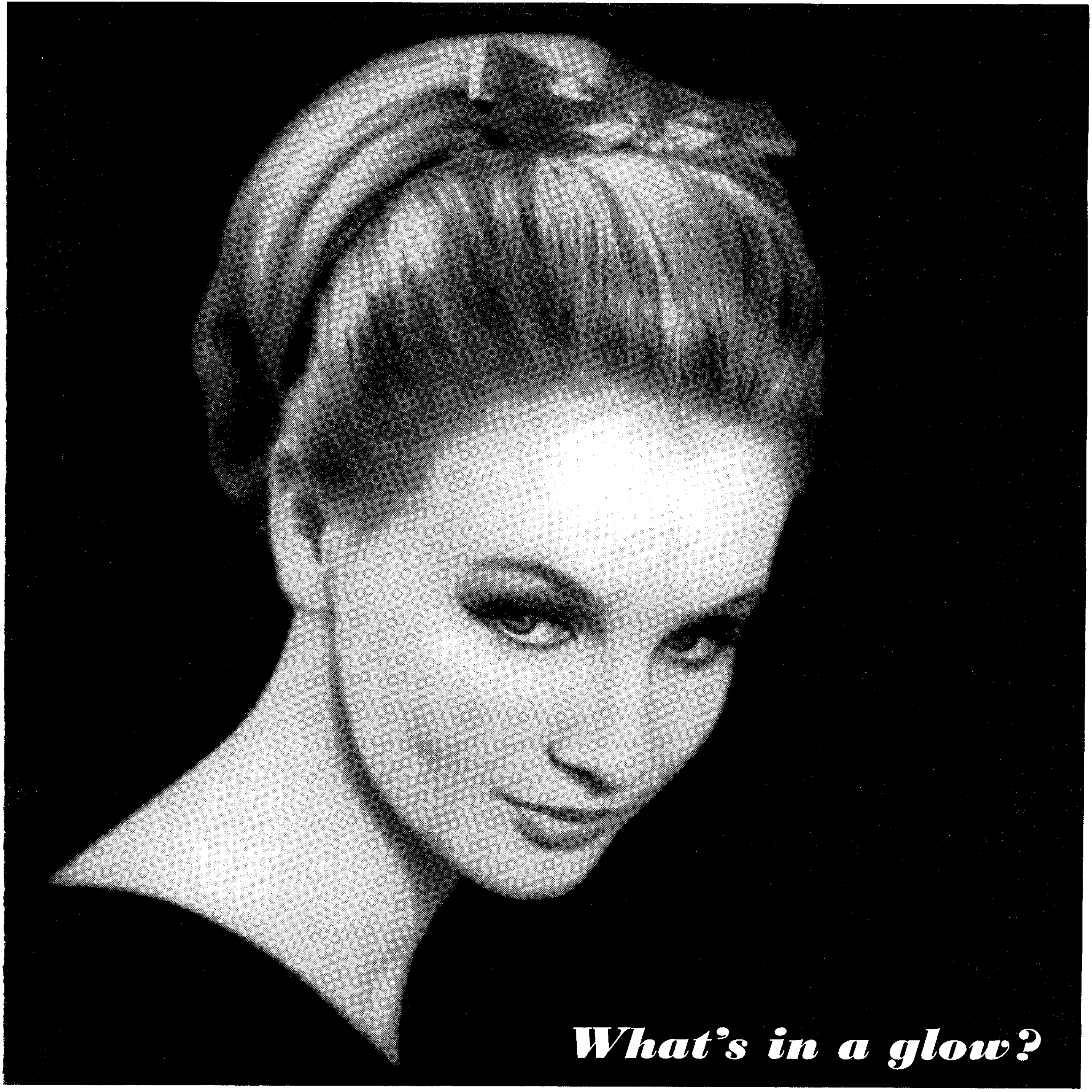
part of the King-Anderson bill. Cohen quickly said that it could, and Mills asked him to draw up an amendment to that effect, along with an analysis of the costs, and adjourned the meeting until the following morning.

"Like everyone else in the room, I was stunned by Mills's strategy," Cohen said afterward. "It was the most brilliant legislative move I'd seen in thirty years. The doctors couldn't complain, because they had been carping about Medicare's shortcomings and about its being compulsory. And the Republicans couldn't complain, because it was their own idea. In effect, Mills had taken the A.M.A.'s ammunition, put it in the Republicans' gun, and blown both of them off the map." Byrnes, too, was stunned. "He just sat there with his mouth open," a member of the committee said later. Byrnes admitted after the meeting that Mills's maneuver had come as "quite a surprise" to him. "But, after all," he added, "the A.M.A. opened the door to all this with those advertisements." President Johnson was also surprised, and amused, when he received a memorandum from Cohen describing the events of that afternoon and concluding, "The effect of this ingenious plan is . . . to make it almost certain that nobody will vote against the bill when it comes on the floor of the House." The President laughed, and said to the aide who had brought the note, "Just tell them to snip off that name 'Republican' and slip that little old amendment into the bill." Early the next morning, a man from the A.M.A. appeared at the office of Representative Charles A. Vanik, a liberal Democrat from Ohio who was a new member of the Ways and Means Committee. Vanik wasn't in, but an assistant came out to the waiting room, and found the A.M.A. man slumped in a chair. The visitor asked if the rumor about Mills's coup was true, and upon being assured that it was he shook his head and got to his feet, with a dazed look. As he left, he said, "I never thought we'd end up spending several million dollars in advertising to expand the bill."

Cohen's presentation of the new plan before the Ways and Means Committee that morning took about half an

"Make like you're Socrates."


What's in a glow?

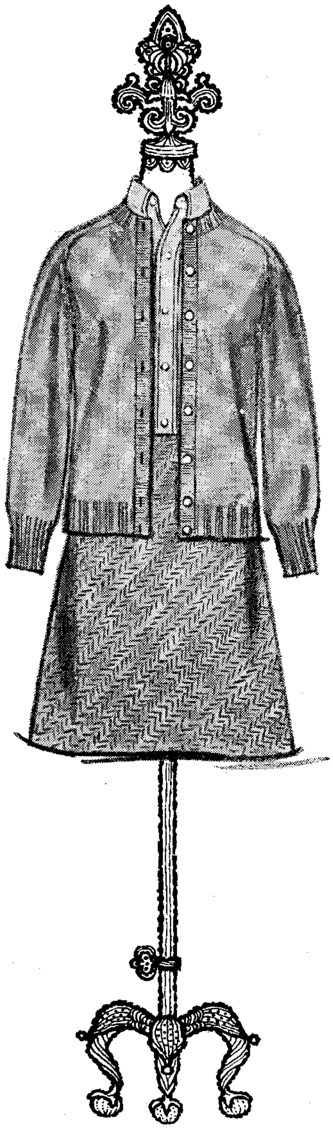
could be love . . . could be

Superglow Fluid Make-Up

The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector.
It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.

Germaine Monteil

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Altogether

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Skirt and sweater about fifteen dollars each, shirt about six dollars at good stores and college shops

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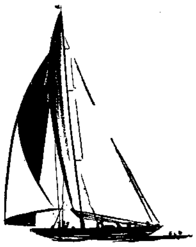
hour. Myers had estimated that a contribution of three dollars a month by each participant, plus five hundred million dollars a year from the Treasury, would be sufficient to pay for eighty per cent of all the doctors' bills involved after each patient had paid fifty dollars out of his own pocket. "O.K., it sounds fine," Mills said. That was all he said, and it was enough for the other members of the committee, who were used to accepting a casual remark from Mills as a final decision on even the most crucial matters. In effect, Mills had told them that he was adding the amendment to the bill—subject, of course, to the committee's approval in a final vote. Later in the day, Cohen discussed the new measure with the President, who, he feared, might have had second thoughts about its added cost, since he was reported to be worried about the size of the forthcoming budget. Cohen told the President what the amendment would cost and outlined some of the political problems that this might present. When he had finished, the President nodded and asked what he could do to help. Somewhat puzzled, Cohen said that the basic question was whether the President could accept a five-hundred-million-dollar increase in the budget. As Mr. Johnson later recalled the conversation, he replied, "I'm going to run and get my brother." A good deal more puzzled, Cohen said he didn't understand. The President's explanation itself seemed cryptic, at first: "Well, I remember one time they were giving a test to a fellow who was going to be a switchman on the railroad, giving him an intelligence test, and they said, 'What would you do if a train was coming from the east going sixty miles per hour, and you looked over your shoulder and another one was coming from the west going sixty miles an hour, and they were heading for each other at just a mile separate? What would you do?' And the fellow said, 'I'd go get my brother.' And they said, 'Why would you get your brother?' And he said, 'Because he hasn't ever seen a train wreck.'" With that, the President told Cohen that he could have the five hundred million dollars, and warned him to watch out for trains.



A week later, on March 10th, two hundred members of the New York Council of Golden Ring Clubs, one of the largest affiliates of the National Council of Senior Citizens, went to Washington for a luncheon and rally in behalf of Medicare. When Mills heard about their plans for a gathering, he suggested that it be held in the hearing room of the Ways and Means Committee, and he offered to preside as host. Next to the A.M.A., Mills had long been the chief villain of the Medicare drama in the view of many old people, but when he welcomed the members of the Golden Ring Council, they gave him a standing ovation. And when he told them that, as they had heard, the bill was to be greatly expanded, they gave him another. "Mills is a politician of the first rank," William R. Hutton, of the National Council, said after the luncheon. "He anticipated the inevitable. He coöperated with the inevitable. And then he capitalized on the inevitable." Being a realist, Mills expected the Republicans to accept the inevitable with comparable grace, since they could now turn the bill to their own advantage by claiming credit for a large part of it, but after the Golden Ring lunch he was told that Byrnes was talking about not voting for the bill, either in committee or on the floor. "He's got to," Mills said. "He's painted himself into a corner." But on March 23rd, when the Ways and Means Committee took a final vote on the bill (it was now being jocularly referred to in some quarters as Elder-Medi-Better-Care), Byrnes and all his fellow-Republicans voted against it, in a straight seventeen-to-eight party-line vote. The Democrats were jubilant. "I couldn't believe my ears when they voted no," one of them said. "Of course, Ford, the Minority Leader, had instructed them to. It was incredibly inept, politically. Now we'll get *all* the credit."

Leaving nothing to chance, President Johnson went on television at eleven o'clock on the morning of March 26th to describe the new bill. After giving a brief account of its provisions, he introduced nine other Democrats—from the House there were Mills, King, Speaker John McCormack, Majority Whip Hale Boggs, and Majority Leader Carl Albert, and from the Senate there were Anderson, Assistant Majority Whip George Smathers, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, and Harry F. Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. All but Byrd spoke glowingly of the new measure (even Smathers, long an opponent of Medicare, said, "I'm delighted with the bill"), and then the President turned to Byrd, who had opposed all the earlier, and far more mod-

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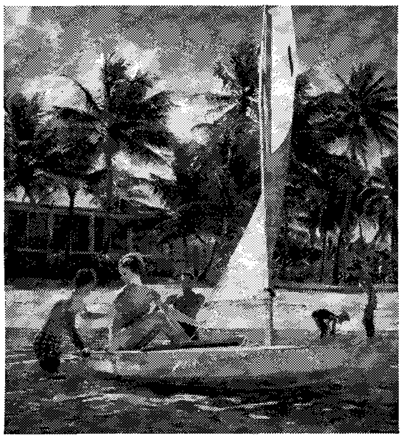

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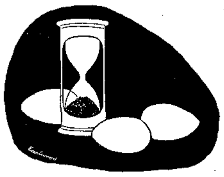
est, versions of the bill, and who, it was feared, might hold up the present version by postponing hearings on it in the Senate Committee on Finance. In a dialogue that Representative Albert described later as not only an outstanding example of the famous "Johnson treatment" but the first instance of it ever to be shown on a national television hookup, the President smiled at Byrd and said, "I know that you will take an interest in the orderly scheduling of this matter and giving it a thorough hearing." Byrd looked at him blankly, whereupon Mr. Johnson asked, "Would you care to make an observation?"

Byrd, who had engaged in many conversations with Presidents but never before with millions of people watching, shook his head. "There is no observation I can make now, because the bill hasn't come before the Senate," he replied gruffly. "Naturally, I'm not familiar with it."



President Johnson pressed on. "And you have nothing that you know of that would prevent [hearings] coming about in reasonable time, not anything ahead of it in the committee?" he asked.

"Nothing in the committee now," Byrd answered, shifting uneasily.

"So when the House acts and it is referred to the Senate Finance Committee, you will arrange for prompt hearings and thorough hearings?" the President asked, leaning forward intently.

Senator Byrd, in a voice that was barely audible, said, "Yes."

Smiling broadly, Mr. Johnson banged his fist on the desk, stared into the camera lens, and said, "Good!"

In a mood of high expectancy, the House met on April 8th to vote on the first national health-insurance measure ever to come before it. The Ways and Means Committee enjoys such great prestige in the House, in large part because of the thoroughness with which it customarily conducts its business, that the bills it reports out are rarely amended on the floor. Instead, a period is set aside for description of the bill and for debate on it, and then the opposition is permitted to recommend recommittal of the measure and its replacement by a substitute. Mills received a standing ovation from both sides of the aisle when he went to the rostrum in the well of the House to describe what had by now become known as the Mills bill. He quickly justified the reputation he had acquired for always being in command of his material. Speaking without a trace of an accent—it is reported that he has an unusually strong one whenever he talks to a group of his constituents—and only rarely referring to notes, he outlined the provisions of the bill, which was two hundred and ninety-six pages long. The measure, he explained, included a seven-per-cent increase in pension benefits (thus breaking a tradition of keeping total Social Security taxes below ten per cent), an expanded Kerr-Mills program, a modification of the King-Anderson bill, and the Byrnes voluntary supplement. In all, the layer cake, with its cash frosting, was to cost about six billion dollars the first year—roughly half of it for health insurance. When Mills sat down, Byrnes presented his own original bill as the Republican alternative, and then for several hours members of both factions had their say. (Representative Herlong praised the Mills package.) When the vote on recommittal was taken, it showed that Mills's estimation of the situation the year before—that there wasn't enough support to get a Medicare bill through—had almost certainly been right, for now the margin against the motion to recommit was only forty-five votes, or one more than the number of new Medicare advocates, both Democrats and Republicans, known to have been elected to the House in 1964. Sixty-three Democrats defected to Byrnes (Herlong among them), but only ten Republicans went over to the Medicare side. Once the recommittal vote was out of the way, however, and the Republicans were released from party discipline, the bill was approved by a vote of three hundred and thirteen (including Herlong) to a hundred and fifteen.

THE A.M.A.'s diagnosis had always been that once the body politic was infected by government health insurance, the illness would be irreversible. Although the patient was clearly on the point of succumbing by the spring of 1965, the A.M.A. prescribed another dose of its favorite medicine—a massive injection of publicity. Stepping up the campaign for Eldercare, the A.M.A. announced that the results of several polls showed the public to be heartily in favor of what the Association liked to call the Doctors' Program. At about that time, the A.M.A. sent every member of Congress a booklet of a hundred and seventy-one magazine-size pages containing "a cross-section of American editorial opposition to Medicare" and support for

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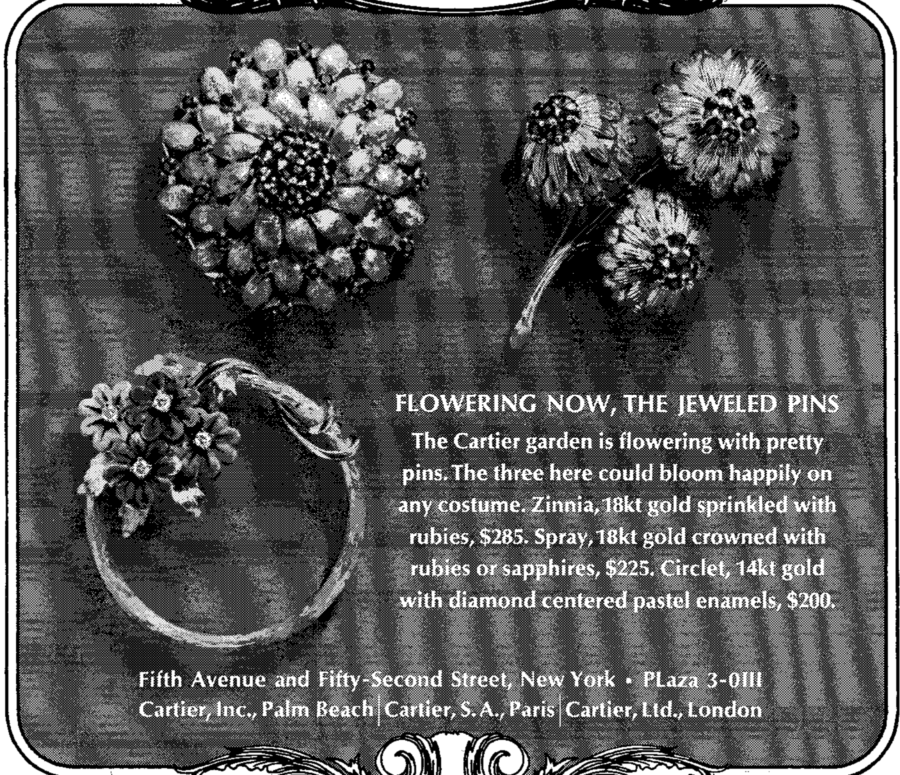
Eldercare. Anyone who took the trouble to glance through the compilation discovered that batches of the editorials were identical; for example, the same text appeared in the Birmingham *Post-Herald*, the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, the Washington, D.C., *Daily News*, the Logansport, Indiana, *Press*, and the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*. Senator Pat McNamara, Democrat of Michigan, who had been an enthusiastic Medicare man from the beginning, pointed out on the Senate floor that two of the editorials had appeared in ten different papers each, that another had appeared in eleven papers, and that six of the editorials had appeared in a total of fifty papers. The Association declared that McNamara had "slanted his remarks to imply editorials were sent out by the A.M.A.," and it denied the implied accusation. Shortly afterward, a Washington *Post* reporter traced some of the editorials in question to a couple of companies that specialized in preparing and distributing canned editorials. Neither of them charged the newspapers that used their services, but both charged those who wanted to have their views distributed; the A.M.A. was a client of both. A little later, Senator Joseph D. Tydings, Democrat of Maryland, told his colleagues that his office, like theirs, had been flooded with mail—mostly form letters and form postcards—attacking Medicare and praising Eldercare. Members of Congress usually ignore mail of this sort, but Tydings, who had been in the Senate only a few months, had conscientiously set about replying to more than ten thousand pieces of anti-Medicare mail with a two-page form letter of his own. He stopped before long, he said, because, of the first three hundred and fifty replies mailed out of his office, seventy-two came back marked "No such street," "No such street number," "Addressee unknown," or "Deceased." After Dr. Ward charged, in a speech before the Maryland State Medical Society in the spring of 1965, that Medicare would lead to government control of medical practice and would deprive patients of the right to choose whatever doctor they wanted, Dr. Walter F. Perkins, who for many years had been the president of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, told the press, "The American people are getting fed up with that sort of nonsense—and the members of Congress know it only too well."

Senator Byrd, having committed himself on television, scheduled the Finance Committee hearings on health-



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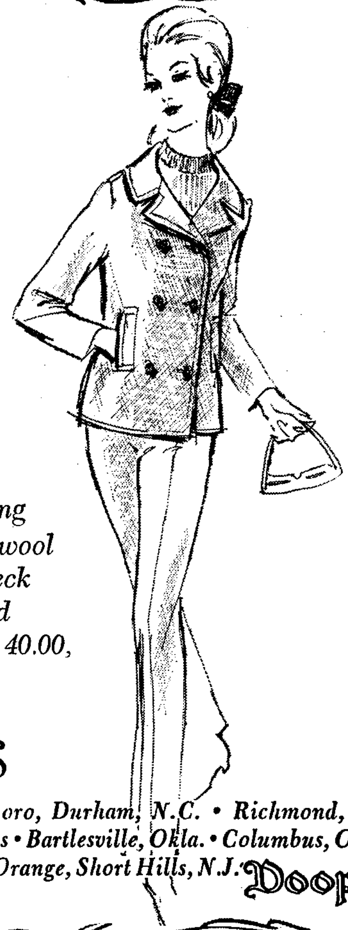

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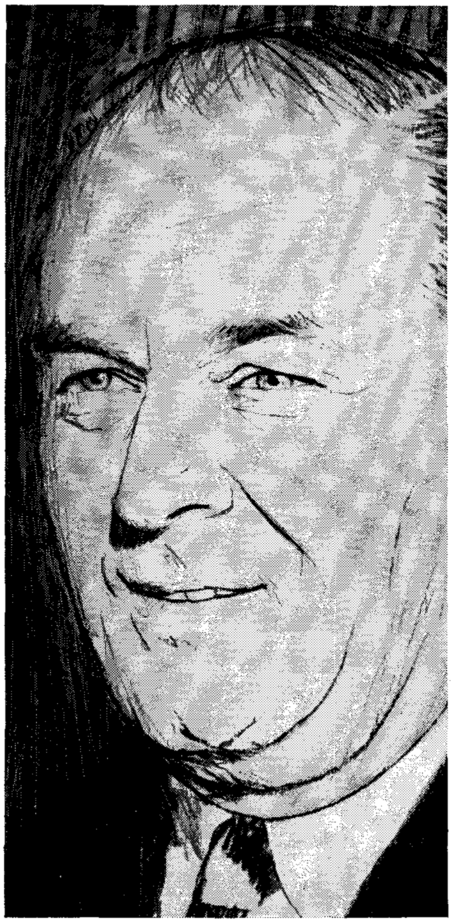

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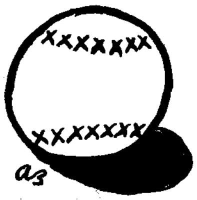
care legislation for late April. In fifteen days, the committee took more than twelve hundred pages of testimony, and heard scores of witnesses, among them the A.M.A.'s Dr. Ward. Apparently chastened by the reaction he had got from the Ways and Means Committee, Dr. Ward stuck quite closely this time to matters that fell within his competence as a physician. It was too late. The deference that was once shown to any representative of the medical profession who appeared before Congress had all but disappeared. In its place was outright derision—most openly displayed on this occasion by Senator Anderson, co-sponsor of the bill, who presided over many of the sessions, including the one at which the A.M.A. representatives appeared. Dr. Ward, in his opening remarks, brought up the Eldercare program, which he said had "aroused enthusiastic public support" and was the only measure providing medical care for the elderly that had been written "in consultation with the medical profession." Senator Anderson broke in to list the names of a number of eminent physicians who had been consulted on the framing of the Medicare legislation, and then he asked whether the witness considered Dr. Benjamin Spock, whose name was on the list, a member of the medical profession. "If he has a Doctor of Medicine degree, yes," Dr. Ward answered. Sitting forward, Anderson asked sharply whether he meant to imply that Dr. Spock was not a licensed physician. Making amends, Dr. Ward said he was under the impression that Dr. Spock was a baby specialist. Anderson then produced a burst of laughter from the audience in the hearing room by inquiring whether Dr. Ward, a surgeon, was "an elderly specialist." After a few more tart exchanges, Anderson asked whether the A.M.A. objected to all forms of Social Security, including the monthly retirement check. Dr. Ward said that it did not, but Anderson pursued the subject.



Senator Anderson: If you don't object to providing it for [the pensioner's] rent and other bills, why do you object to it for hospital bills?

Dr. Ward: In the first place, it should be based on need.

Senator Anderson: Well, wait a minute. It isn't in the other case at all. If a man comes to the age of retirement and has a million dollars, he can draw his Social Security whether he needs it or not.

Dr. Ward: Yes, sir.

Senator Anderson: You don't mind it as long as it isn't in your field.

Dr. Ward: No sir; I didn't say that.

Senator Anderson: What *did* you say?

Dr. Ward: I object to the inclusion of people who are able to take care of themselves.

Senator Anderson: These people in Social Security who paid their money over a period of time, they are allowed to draw their Social Security whether they need it or not. Do you object to that?

Dr. Ward: We have no argument about that.

Senator Anderson: You don't object to that?

Dr. Ward: We are concerned with health.

Senator Anderson: It is only when you get to your field that you object to it, isn't that right?

Dr. Ward: After a fashion, yes, sir.

Senator Anderson: Thank you. I have no further questions.

The Finance Committee completed its hearings on May 19th and adjourned until the following week, when it was to go into executive working session to prepare its version of the House bill. The afternoon of the adjournment, Senator Russell Long, of Louisiana, who had won the post of Majority Whip after Hubert Humphrey became Vice-President, and who, after the death of Senator Robert Kerr, of Oklahoma, had become the ranking Democrat on the committee, held a press conference to announce that he intended to submit two amendments to the Mills package. The first of them, he said, would make Medicare's provisions unlimited, in order to take care of what he called "catastrophic illness." (Since a ten-minute illness can be catastrophic for the person suffering it, it was assumed that Long was using the term to describe long-term illnesses that were catastrophically expensive.) The second was designed to pay for this open-end feature by adding, on top of the increase in Social Security taxes, a sliding scale of deductibles, or amounts to be paid by the patients themselves, based on their incomes. While the announcement came as a surprise to many people in Washington, it was clearly no surprise to the A.M.A., for the next issue of the *AMA News*, which had gone to press before Long called in the reporters, carried his description of the amendments. This set off speculation about whether the A.M.A. had developed the new program, but it turned out that Long had actually been contemplating such a plan for some time. As far back as the spring of 1963, he had mentioned the idea to an official of the Department of Health, Education and

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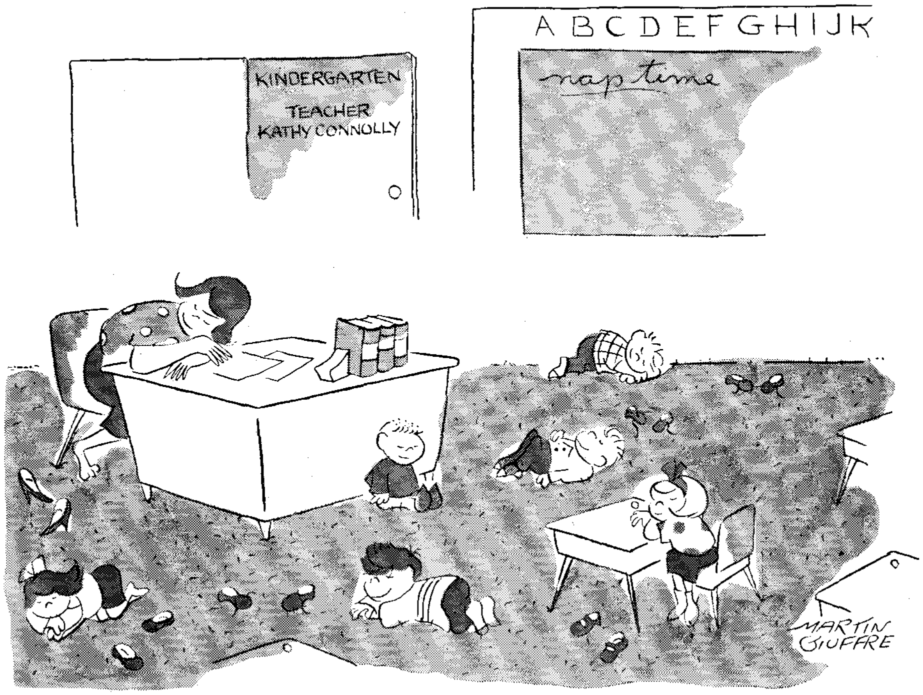

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Welfare, who was appalled by it for several reasons; namely, because it contained a means test (in the form of the deductibles based on income), because it was certain to be an administrative monstrosity, and because it was impossible to estimate how much it would cost, for, despite Long's assurances, there was no way of determining what would happen if hospitals were open to all comers for indefinite lengths of time.

In any event, Long did nothing further about his amendments during the first few weeks of the Finance Committee's executive-session deliberations. From time to time, he wandered into the room where the committee was meeting, and then, apparently deciding that the lineup of those on hand was unfavorable, explained that his duties as Whip required his presence on the floor, and departed. In the meantime, though, he talked privately with several of the liberal Democrats on the committee, assuring each of them in turn that his amendments, which none of them had yet seen, were nothing more than a reasonable expansion of the administration's bill. Since, as Whip, he was in some measure a representative of the administration, they assumed that he would not propose anything against the wishes of the President. Finally, late on the morning of June 17th, just as the committee was about to recess for lunch, Long appeared, looked around to see who was present and who was absent, and offered his amendments—not in the usual manner, by passing printed copies around, but by describing the details from his own copy. The amendments were far more extensive than he had indicated either in his press conference or in his private conversations with other senators. In explaining his plan, he repeated that it was merely an expansion of the administration's bill, and said that for a quarter of a billion dollars more they could provide unlimited hospital care for everyone sixty-five or over. He went on to warn his colleagues that the bill as it was currently written meant political disaster for all of them. The first time an old lady who had used up her allotted days of hospital care was carried out to die in the street, he said, there would be such a deafening public outcry that no senator who had voted for Medicare would ever be reelected. Hurrying on, he told the committee that the scale of deductibles in his plan would be highly favorable to the poor, and described the breakdown—five per cent of the first thousand dollars of income, six per cent of

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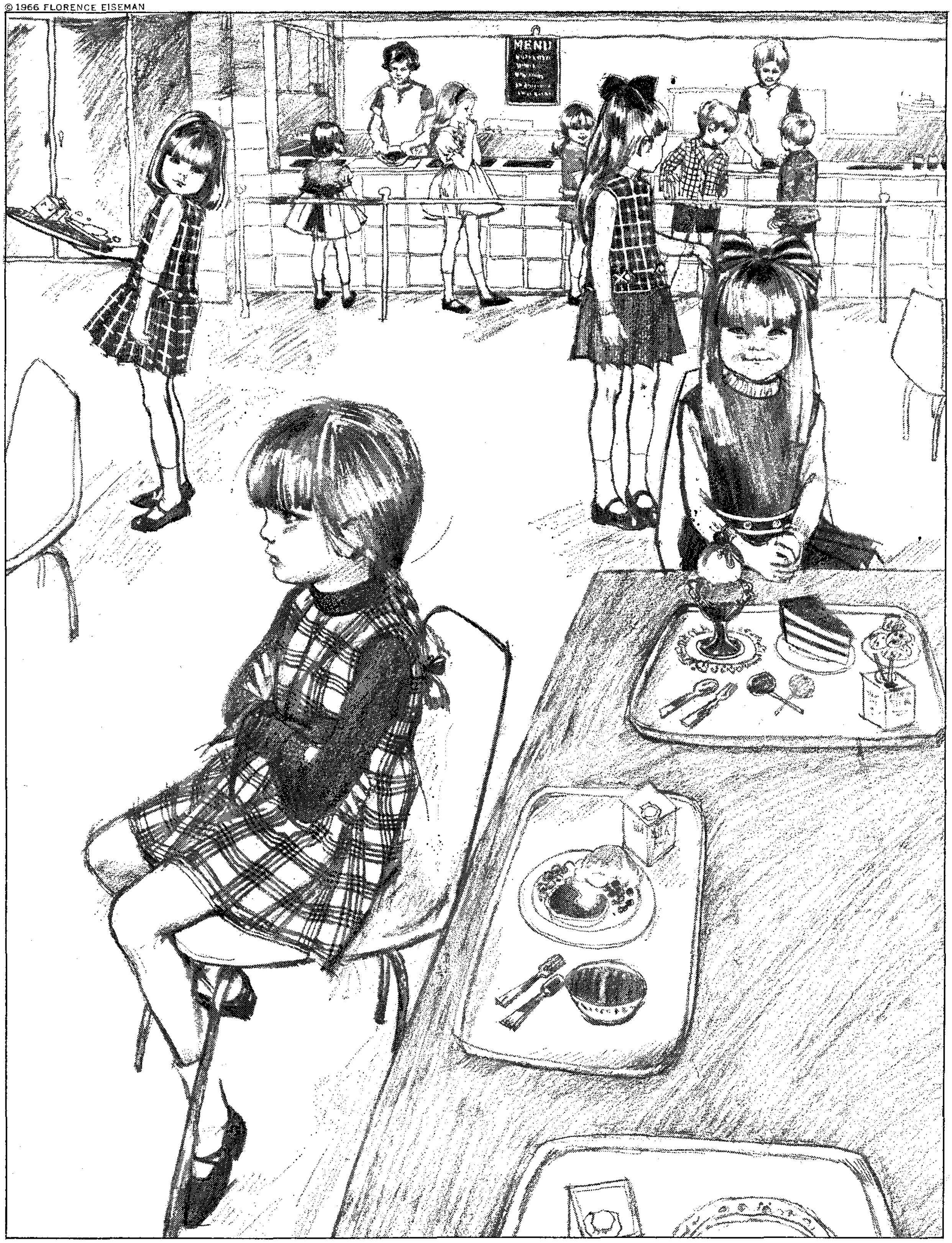

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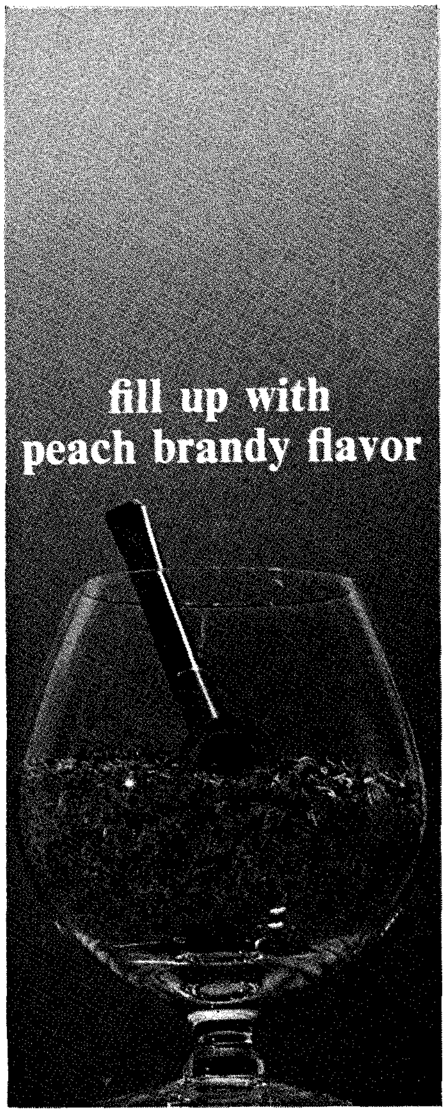

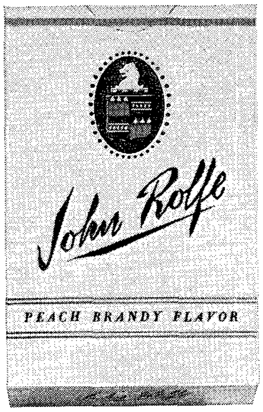

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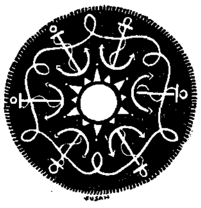
the second thousand, and seven per cent of all income above that, with a minimum deductible of twenty dollars, and no maximum. After a few minutes' discussion—representing perhaps the most casual treatment of a major piece of legislation in Senate history—Long called for a vote. The tally stood at seven to six for the amendments when Anderson, who had argued futilely against the plan, cast a proxy that had been given to him by Senator J. William Fulbright, of Arkansas. That made it a tie, and a defeat for Long. But Long broke in to say that he had a later proxy from Fulbright, and asked the committee's clerk to verify his claim. The clerk checked the date on Long's note from Fulbright and confirmed that it was more recent than the date on Anderson's. That made the vote eight to six for the amendments, and they were added to the bill. After the committee adjourned, Anderson, who was bewildered because he had been given Fulbright's assurance of support, asked the clerk for the proxy submitted by Long. When he examined it, he saw that it was indeed dated later than his but that it concerned another matter altogether.

In the Senate chamber that afternoon, Anderson told Fulbright about the incident, and together they confronted Long. "I thought this was supposed to be a gentlemen's club," Anderson said angrily. Long shrugged, said that perhaps there had been a misunderstanding, and offered to take another vote. Anderson, though he accepted the offer, did not accept the explanation—nor, it turned out, did many other senators, including Mansfield, who later gave Long a heated lecture on senatorial propriety at a Democratic policy meeting. Another proxy that had been misused—this one unintentionally—was one that Senator Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, had given Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, over the telephone. Since Ribicoff had been a Medicare supporter all along, first as Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare under President Kennedy and then as a senator, Gore assumed that he would use the proxy in accordance with administration policy. Ribicoff, for his part, assumed that he was free to use it in accordance with his own best judgment, and he cast it for Long's amendments. The two incidents had produced a good deal of uncertainty all around, and, furthermore, Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, who had voted for Long's plan, began to have doubts about what he had done almost immediately. After the meeting broke up, he went to his office and sat down to think things over. Douglas, a former professor of economics, had no trouble working out the financial aspects of the bill, and, as he put it later, he realized that the proposal would "turn the nation's hospitals into warehouses for the senile." He added, "I saw that I had made a mistake. I simply hadn't understood the proposal." According to one high administration official, this may have been the first time in American history that a senator admitted he had been wrong.

On the morning of June 18th, the Cabinet met in a special session to discuss the situation in Vietnam. As the meeting got under way, Anthony Celebrezze, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, said he was obliged to inform the President that there was a domestic crisis, and he explained what had taken place in the Finance Committee the previous day. The President jumped up and began pacing back and forth. "How could this have happened?" he demanded angrily. As soon as the meeting was over, he took steps to find out not only how it had happened but how it could be changed. Besides making telephone calls to the Democrats on the committee who had voted for the amendments without fully understanding their meaning, President Johnson called Long and appealed to him to withdraw his plan—without success. "I did not ask for this fight, but I do not run from one," Long told reporters. "I know the White House is doing everything in its power to reverse the decision of the committee on my amendments. In my opinion, I will win." Winning was a complicated matter for him, however, in the view of several senators who had worked with him over the years. If he couldn't stop the bill, they said, he intended to put his own stamp on it as clearly as Mills had put his. Moreover, having been compelled to go along with the administration on a civil-rights voting act, which had hurt him back in Louisiana, he was now publicly challenging the President as a way of showing his constituents that he was no Presidential errand boy. Long was warning the White House that he couldn't be taken for granted. Whatever his motives may have been, he refused to discuss them in public. To one reporter who brought up the matter, he replied by launching into a forty-minute filibuster consisting large-



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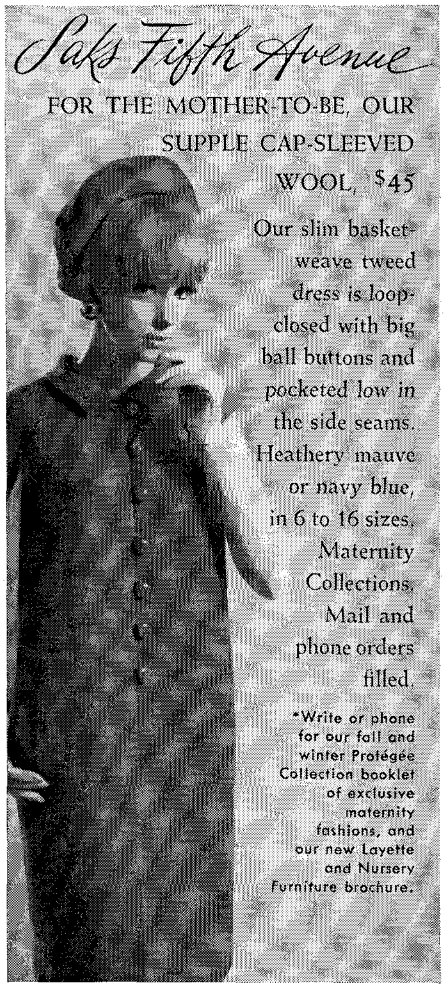

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ly of the A.M.A.'s favorite arguments—that Medicare was socialized medicine, that the British National Health Service was a failure, and that the labor movement supported the bill solely to save on its own welfare outlays. He also refused to explain why the only Republican on the committee who had supported him was Senator Carl Curtis, of Nebraska, an arch-conservative, who was generally considered to be the A.M.A.'s most ardent champion in the Senate now that Smathers had defected. All in all, Long appeared to enjoy the attention he was getting. He was reported to be especially amused by attacks on him in Northern newspapers, such as an editorial in the *Times* that took him to task for "acting in sublime disregard of his obligations as Democratic whip" and called his proposal "so disastrous that it is hard to believe it was put forward with any aim except to kill any prospect of Medicare in this session of Congress." In Louisiana, one senator later remarked, an attack by the *Times* hurts about as much as an attack by *Pravda*.

One of the key votes on the committee was that of Senator Ribicoff, and as part of an effort to persuade him to change his vote Nelson Cruikshank, head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Social Security, asked union members in Connecticut to let Ribicoff know that they strongly opposed the Long amendments. Then, a day or so later, Cruikshank went to see Ribicoff at his office. The Senator jumped up and waved a sheaf of telegrams at Cruikshank. "What's all this?" Ribicoff demanded. "What do you mean by turning your people on me? You know I can't be pressured." Cruikshank heard him out calmly, and then said, "You know, and I know, Abe, that if I came in here and you *hadn't* got all those wires, you wouldn't pay much attention to me." The issue, as Cruikshank saw it, was that the Long amendments were fiscally irresponsible, and he told Ribicoff that under no circumstances would the unions support any pie-in-the-sky scheme. Blue Cross, welfare assistance, and Social Security had limits, he said, so why shouldn't Medicare? But the issue, as Ribicoff saw it, was humanitarian as well as political. "You don't have to walk along the street in New Britain, say, and have a constituent stop you and get sore because his dying mother was put out of a hospital after sixty days," he said. Besides, he went on, he supported only the open-end amendment, and not the deductible plan. Cruikshank tried to convince Ribicoff that he couldn't support the first

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without also supporting the second, since the unlimited-care proposal had to be paid for. He got nowhere, and at the end of an hour each man stood where he had at the start.

Meanwhile, the A.M.A.'s lobbyists were busy drumming up support for the bill as it had been amended by Long—not because they approved of it but because they saw in it a way to create a deadlock in the Senate-House conference committee, for everyone was convinced that Mills would never accept such a drastic change in his bill. The A.M.A. people had to move inconspicuously in this matter. For one thing, they could not openly support any legislation that set up a health-insurance program under Social Security, and, for another, they had become such political pariahs by this time that their support for a measure was apt to be a rather heavy burden. Not long before, an A.M.A. lobbyist, having learned that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. opposed the inclusion of chiropractors in the bill, since it felt, as the A.M.A. did, that they were not strictly medical practitioners, called a union lobbyist on the telephone and asked, "Can I announce that the A.M.A. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. are shoulder to shoulder on this?"

"No," the union man answered at once, and went on, "It's not a question of vengeance on our part. It's a question of tactics. If you want to get something defeated in Congress, just say that the A.M.A. backs it."

There was a pause, and then the A.M.A. man said, "It's that bad?"

He was assured that it was.

The administration's strategists assumed that Long had originally avoided lining up the Republicans on the Finance Committee (except Curtis, who was believed to be working with him on the plan) because their support would have aroused the suspicions of the liberal Democrats, whom he needed far more. And now that the purpose of the plan had become clear it was also assumed that the rest of the Republicans, who hadn't understood the amendments the first time around any better than the Democrats had, would get behind Long in the hope that they could block Medicare. This assumption proved to be correct. On June 23rd, when a new vote was called for on the first of Long's amendments—the one adding a graduated deductible to the bill—all six of the Republicans sided with him, and all ten of the other Democrats, acceding to what the *Wall Street Journal* called "the administration's strenuous behest," voted against him. On the amendment providing unlimited care, two Demo-

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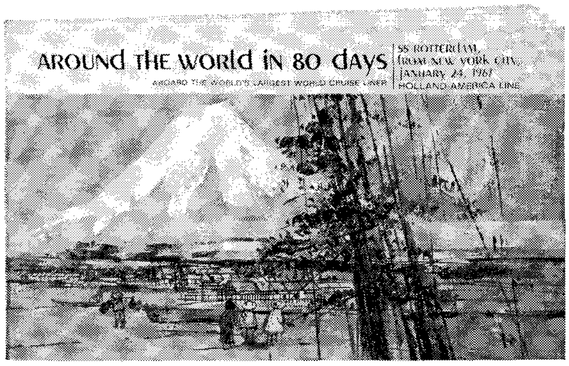
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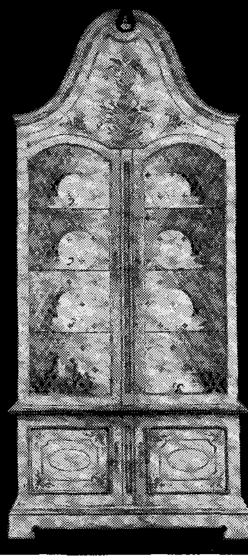

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crats (Ribicoff and Vance Hartke, of Indiana) who liked the idea, behest or no behest, went over to Long, but two Republicans (Thruston B. Morton, of Kentucky, and Frank Carlson, of Kansas) went over to Anderson. That defeated both amendments. The next day, the committee voted out its version of the House bill by a final vote of twelve to five. After the meeting broke up, several of the senators met with a group of reporters to explain the measure. Long had taken his defeat cheerfully, and he seemed to enjoy bantering with the newsmen, telling them that if they held off awhile the committee report would be ready as source material. "The staff is working on it right now," he said, and added, with a smile, "I guess we can dispense with the myth that senators write their own reports." He did not mention that the dissenting report he would submit was being written by a lobbyist for the A.M.A.

"AFTER nearly two decades of struggle and controversy, million-dollar advertising drives, rallies, and political-action campaigns, the A.M.A.'s crusade has failed," the *Medical World News* observed that June. "And in the opinion of many knowledgeable people in Washington, the A.M.A.'s own strategy of uncompromising resistance contributed to the dimensions of its defeat." As if those dimensions weren't broad enough already, the A.M.A. now laid out still more money on still another public-relations push. Before June was over, it had placed a large advertisement entitled "An Open Letter to Our Patients" in a hundred major newspapers. A week after that, it put on nationwide television a half-hour show called "Health Care at the Crossroads." And its members continued to pour letters and telegrams by the thousand onto the desks of congressmen, urging them to oppose any interference by the government with what the medical profession had traditionally regarded as its own "sacred trust" of caring for the sick. On June 20th, some twenty-five thousand doctors arrived in New York for an A.M.A. convention, and were met by five hundred elderly pickets who handed out leaflets entitled "An Open Letter to Our Doctors." The opposition that had arisen at the previous convention among doctors who felt that the A.M.A. was going too far was now drowned out by outcries from doctors who felt that it wasn't going far enough. Six weeks earlier, the Ohio State Medical Association, representing ten thousand doctors, had approved a resolution calling on its members to refuse to take part in any federal health-insurance program. Shortly after that, the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons—an organization whose members, numbering sixteen thousand, were also members of the A.M.A. but which was generally considered to be far to the right of the A.M.A.—sent a letter to every doctor in the country urging that "now is the time for you and every other ethical physician in the United States to individually and voluntarily pledge nonparticipation in . . . the socialized hospitalization and medical care program for the aged." The delegates in New York seemed to be strongly in favor of a boycott. Dr. Ward, in his speech as outgoing president, told them, "One poll after another has demonstrated beyond question that the American people have the most serious misgivings about welfare statism," and he received tumultuous applause. But when Dr. James Z. Appel, the incoming president, warned the assemblage against "unethical tactics such as boycott, strike, or sabotage" and said that doctors should defy neither the letter nor the spirit of any law passed by Congress, he got a very different reaction. He was accused of being responsible for "appeasement," "surrender," and the destruction of "the American dream." In the convention's first session on legislative matters, nine state delegations—from Arizona, Ohio, Florida, Texas, Indiana, South Carolina, Connecticut, Nebraska, and Louisiana—introduced separate resolutions calling for a boycott. When the House of Delegates' Committee on Legislation and Public Relations heard testimony on the boycott resolutions, only a few physicians stood by Dr. Appel. The view of the majority was perhaps expressed most eloquently by a delegate from New Jersey who told the committee, "Force must be used when reason will not prevail."

Actually, a number of A.M.A. members and officials, including most of the trustees, saw danger in the headlong rush toward a boycott. They expected the issue to be resolved by the delegates' designation of a president-elect, to be installed the following summer. The two leading contenders for the post were Dr. Charles L. Hudson, of Ohio, who opposed his state medical society's boycott resolution, and Dr. Durward G. Hall, of Missouri, a Republican member of Congress, who had

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openly campaigned for a boycott. The trustees had always had their way in the past, and they had it this time, too—after they had rounded up enough votes to elect Dr. Hudson. Though Hudson was an avid Goldwater fan ("I'm still unhappy he didn't win," he said), he was a moderate in the A.M.A. After his election, and the investiture of Dr. Appel, the delegates accepted a recommendation by the trustees that they sidestep the boycott question by reaffirming the Association's previous policy declarations in general terms. By this time, most of the advocates of uncompromising resistance had been calmed down. "Only one doctor rose on the floor in favor of a boycott," the Washington *Post* reported, "but he tried to illustrate his point with a joke about an unwed Negro mother, which did nothing to help his cause."

WHEN the fog of partisan oratory over a controversial measure before Congress finally thins out and the road of political necessity appears ahead, legislators usually find that a bandwagon is the most comfortable vehicle to ride on. The House Medicare bill emerged from the Senate by a vote of sixty-eight to twenty-one and with five hundred and thirteen amendments and a billion and a half dollars in costs added to it. In part, the Senate's access of generosity was due to its members' awareness that they could claim credit for trying—as in a third-of-a-billion-dollar amendment to assist the blind, in which the definition of blindness was broad enough to include poor eyesight—but could confidently rely on the Senate-House conferees to behave responsibly and eliminate the unnecessary embellishments. Byrd had appointed Long to serve as the floor manager of the bill, and by the second day of the three-day debate so many amendments had been loaded on that the administration began to suspect that some of the senators were deliberately trying to make the bill unacceptable to the House conferees. Accordingly, the President asked Long not to consider any but essential amendments from that point on, whereupon Long went to the floor and called for more amendments. To many of those watching the performance, it seemed that Long, having been beaten in the Finance Committee, was carrying his fight to the floor of the Senate. As a matter of fact, he had entered into an agreement not to do that. The news of his initial success in putting his amendments through the committee had irritated one of his more influential and resourceful con-

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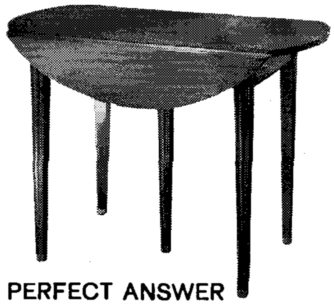

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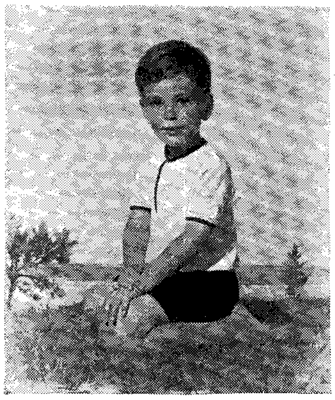

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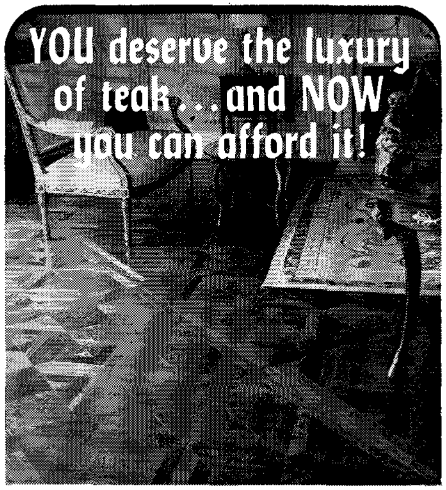

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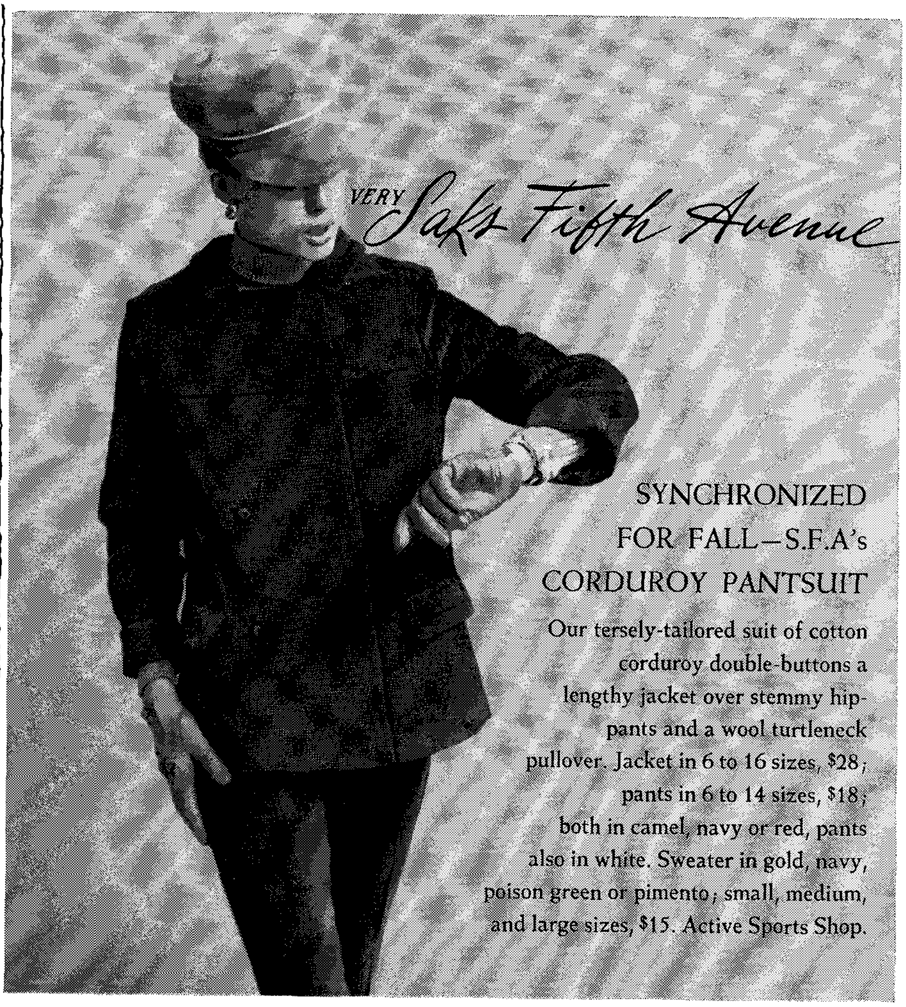
stituents, a labor leader in Louisiana, to whom Long had previously given his word that he would support Medicare down the line. Moving quickly, the man made arrangements to block action on a tax-write-off bill on oil holdings that was then being considered by a committee of the state legislature and that had been written expressly for the Longs, whose money was largely in oil. When Long heard about this maneuver, he telephoned the union leader and asked him what he thought he was doing. "What do you think you're doing to Medicare?" the man demanded. In the end, the labor leader agreed to release the tax bill in exchange for Long's agreement to confine his fight against Medicare to the Finance Committee. True to his word, Long did not carry his fight to the floor of the Senate. He let others carry it there for him. When he openly supported the amendments he had originally proposed, and failed to line up votes for the administration's position, Anderson said to Mansfield, "My God, Mike, we've got a floor manager who's against the bill!"

Senator Curtis submitted Long's amendment for graduated deductibles, which was by now almost universally interpreted as a maneuver, in behalf of the A.M.A., to create a stalemate when the conference committee met. There were certain ironies in the situation, both for Curtis and for the A.M.A., since the amendment was clearly aimed at soaking the rich. Under its provisions, those who paid the most into the Social Security fund during their working years would get the least out of it for medical care after they retired. In large part because Long had failed to explain the administration's policy to the members of his party, the amendment came within ten votes of being passed. An administration official who was asked whether the narrow margin might not encourage Curtis to reintroduce the amendment in another form said, "No, that would be too dirty. It was offered for a vote and beaten fairly." The next day, Curtis did reintroduce it in another form, and again it lost. Long's other amendment—for unlimited hospital care—was offered by Senator Ribicoff, who made an impassioned plea for it, as Long nodded and smiled. Anderson and Douglas had done their best to persuade Ribicoff that he was endangering the entire Medicare program, but Ribicoff had gone ahead anyway. After taking a head count, Mansfield told his colleagues that they couldn't hope to beat the amendment. The prediction upset Anderson so much that he became ill and was forced to take to his bed. During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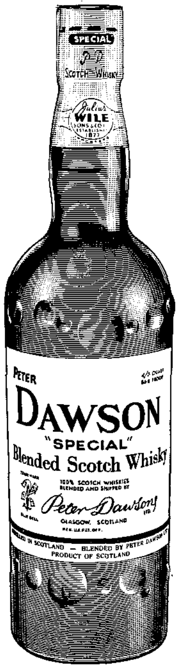

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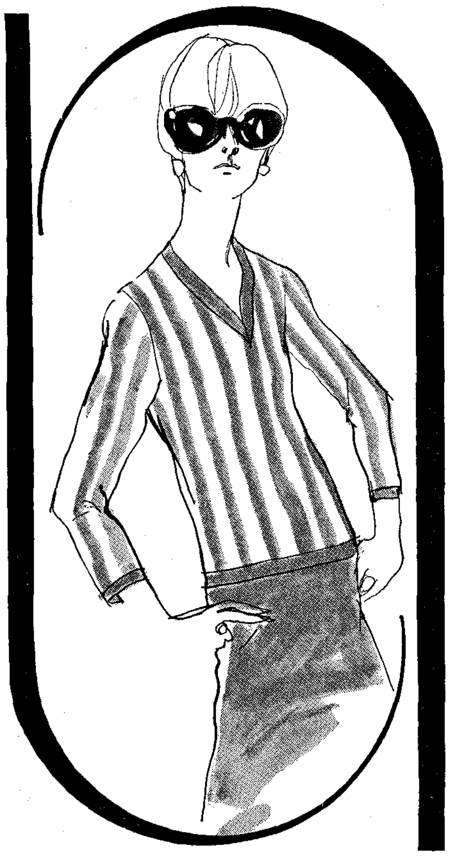

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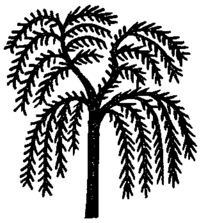
the debate, several liberal senators who were uncertain about which way they should vote were told that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was behind the amendment. When the story reached Cohen, who was on hand outside the chamber, he rushed to a telephone and called Cruikshank to ask if it was true. Cruikshank said it wasn't, and hurried over to the Capitol, where he found Douglas and Gore trying to rally the Medicare forces, and told them where the unions stood. Douglas and Gore passed the word around, and then Mansfield arose to deliver a rebuttal to Ribicoff that Anderson had been scheduled to give before he became ill. The speech (which, Anderson himself publicly said later, had been written by Cruikshank) and the authority it bore because of Mansfield's position as the administration's spokesman finally carried the day—but only by four votes.



One of the last issues to be raised before the final vote was taken on the bill was whether doctors should be put under the Social Security system. At that time, they were the only major professional group not covered. Polls conducted by state medical societies showed that a majority of the country's physicians wanted to be included in the program, but the A.M.A., which had refused over the years to poll its members nationally on the question, opposed their inclusion. Just before the vote on the amendment, Gore rose to say, "The A.M.A. has made such a fine contribution to the enactment of Medicare that I think it has earned the right to come under its benefits." Amid general laughter, the proposal was approved, and shortly after that, on July 9th, so was the entire bill.

AS had been expected, Mills lopped a great chunk off the Senate measure when the conference committee met—one and a quarter billion dollars, in fact. One of the major differences between the House and Senate bills concerned the way four categories of specialists—pathologists, radiologists, anesthesiologists, and physiatrists (physical therapists)—were to be paid. The measure that Mills reported out of the Ways and Means Committee transferred the arrangements for paying these doctors from the Medicare, or hospital, section of the act to the voluntary-insurance supplement. Most of the specialists in the four categories either worked on salaries at hospitals or billed the hospitals for their work, though some of them did bill patients directly. This last method was the least common and the most costly, but the Mills provision would make it standard for millions of elderly patients, and hospitals would lose control over fees for even the most routine procedures. The A.M.A. backed Mills on this point—it had always opposed the idea of doctors' working on salary—and the specialists themselves insisted that they should be treated like other doctors, not like mere technicians. "Although the arguments have largely revolved around ethics and patient care, the issues have almost inevitably ended up in dollars," Dr. Albert W. Snoke, the executive director of the Grace-New Haven Community Hospital and a former president of the American Hospital Association, wrote Mills in a letter complaining about alterations that had been made in the King-Anderson bill. Dr. Snoke argued that once the four kinds of specialists were free to charge what the traffic would bear, the costs to patients and hospitals would skyrocket, and the ultimate consequence, he said, would be total government control. The President naturally didn't want to be held responsible for supporting a program that was certain to raise medical costs, so he instructed Cohen to see if he could persuade Mills to change his mind. Cohen got together with Mills, McCormack, Albert, and Boggs in the office of the Speaker of the House to try to work something out, but when McCormack picked up the telephone to call the President, Mills—apparently unwilling to be subjected to the Johnson treatment—quickly left the room. His decision, he later told an administration official, was political and was not open to negotiation. After the bill reached the Senate floor, Douglas pointed out that as the bill stood, it interfered with medical practice, and he offered an amendment that would leave it up to the hospitals to decide how the specialists were to be paid. At the urgent request of the President, Secretary Celebrezze, the American Hospital Association, and hundreds of hospitals and doctors around the country, the Senate accepted the Douglas amendment. In the conference, Mills led the administration to believe that he was ready to compromise on the issue, and Cohen thereupon prepared an amendment that excluded from the Medicare section of the law only the anesthesiologists, who often billed patients directly anyway, and the physiatrists, whose bills were not expected to constitute a large financial problem.

But when the time came for a vote, Mills held out for the House position, and Boggs, who in the past had always stuck by the administration on Medicare, did, too. After no resistance at all, Long and Smathers joined their Republican colleagues in supporting Mills's position, and the compromise plan was defeated. "It was obviously prearranged," one of the other Senate conferees said afterward. "Mills had promised the doctors that he would never put any of them under any compulsory system, and he kept his word. Unfortunately, it's going to cost the American people hundreds of millions of dollars. It's also going to make a hopeless mess out of normal hospital procedures. The President has asked us to repeal the amendment, so we'll just have to start fighting all over again."

The final form in which Medicare was reported out of conference on July 26th was far more comprehensive than any of the bills that had led up to it. The bill provided every person sixty-five or older—except retired federal employees, who are covered by the Federal Health Benefits Act—with sixty days of free hospital care, after a standard forty-dollar deductible, to avoid unnecessary hospitalization; thirty more days of hospital care at a charge of ten dollars a day; twenty days of free nursing-home care; eighty more days of nursing-home care at a charge of five dollars a day; a hundred home visits by nurses or other health specialists after hospitalization; and eighty per cent of the cost of hospital diagnostic tests, after a twenty-dollar deductible for each series. To pay for this, the taxable wage base of the Social Security system was raised to sixty-six hundred dollars a year, and the tax itself was increased by one-half of one per cent for both employee and employer. (Because of Mills's insistence that the program be actuarially sound, the increase was double the amount originally proposed.) The voluntary supplement provided for payment of eighty per cent of what the bill called "reasonable charges" for all physicians' services, after a fifty-dollar-a-year deductible; another hundred home health visits, whether a patient had been hospitalized or not; and the costs of non-hospital diagnostic tests, surgical dressings, splints, and rented medical equipment. To pay for this coverage, people sixty-five or older who wished to participate were to contribute three dollars a month apiece, and their contributions were to be supplemented by about half a billion dollars a year from the Treasury's general revenues. After more

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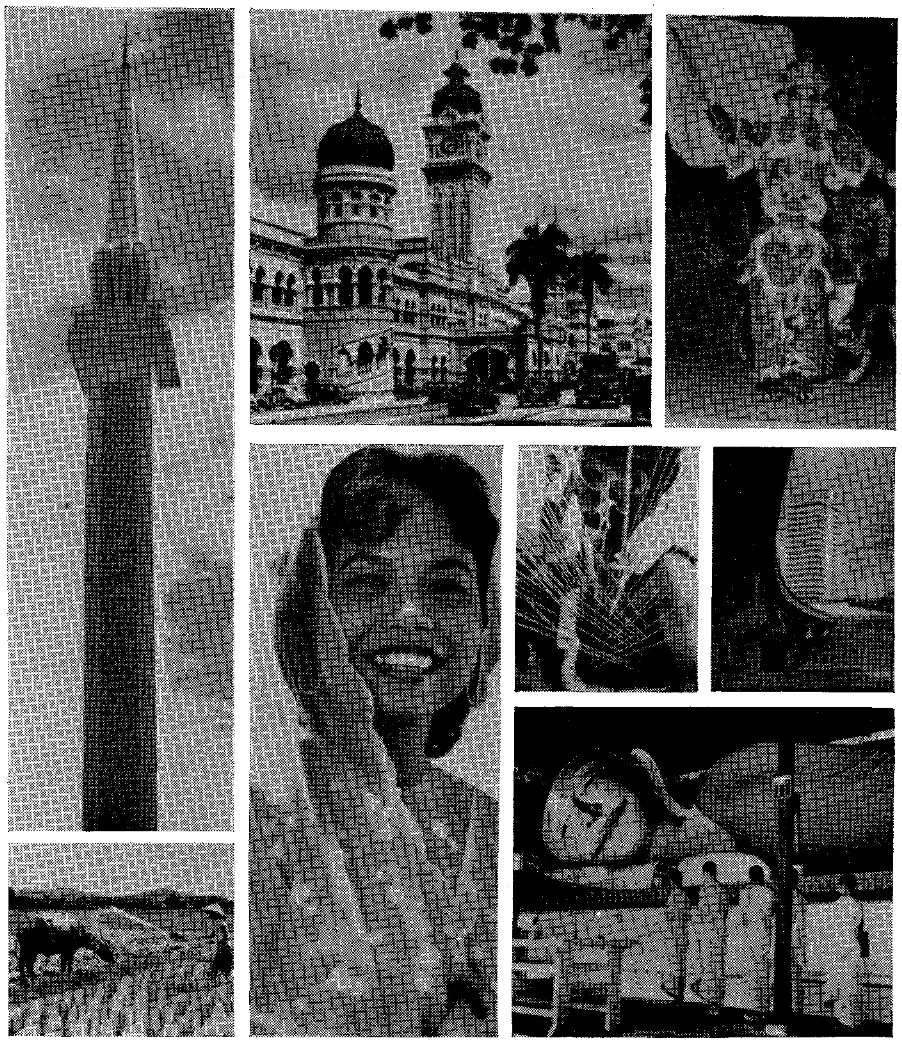

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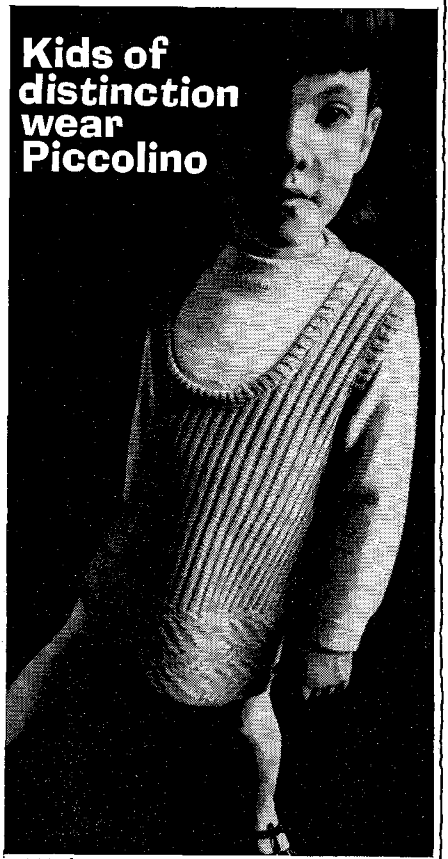
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than fifty years of debate on whether the United States should adopt a national health-insurance program and, if so, what form it should take, this complex but somehow typically American solution to the problem was passed, as Public Law 89-97, by the House on July 27th and by the Senate on July 28th.

IN order to discuss the application of Medicare, the A.M.A. requested an appointment with the President, and on July 29th he met with eleven of its leaders at the White House. "I'd never seen anything like it," one of the administration officials who attended the meeting said afterward. "The President made a powerful, moving appeal to the doctors to accept the new law, and reminded them that it had been devised after long and thorough consideration by the people's representatives under our constitutional procedures. He went on in that way for some time, and then he began talking about what wonderful men doctors were, and how when his daddy was sick the doctor would come over and sit up all night with him, and charge a pittance. He was getting terribly corny, but he had them on the edge of their seats. Then, suddenly, he got up and stretched. Of course, when the President of the United States stands up, everybody stands up. They jumped to their feet, and then he sat down, so they sat down, too. He started off again, with another moving statement about this great nation and its obligation to those who had helped make it great and who were now old and sick and helpless through no fault of their own. Gradually, he moved back to the cornfield, and then he stood up again, and again they jumped to their feet. He did that a couple more times—until they were fully aware of who was President—and then he turned to a memorandum on his desk. He read them the statement in the bill prohibiting any government interference in any kind of medical practice at any time, and also the statement guaranteeing freedom of choice for both doctors and patients, and assured them there would be no government meddling in these matters. Next, he explained that Blue Cross and private insurance carriers, who are the administrative middlemen under the law, would determine the bill's definition of 'reasonable charges' on the basis of what was customary for a given area. Naturally, the doctors went for this, because they have great influence with most of those outfits. Toward the end, he asked for their help in drawing up regulations to implement the law. Then he got up one last time, and said that he had to leave. Before he went, he turned to Cohen, who is the A.M.A.'s idea of an archfiend, and, shaking a huge forefinger in his face, he said, 'Wilbur, I want you to stay here with these gentlemen, and work things out according to my instructions—no matter how long it takes you.' Afterward, I overheard one A.M.A. man say to another, 'Boy, did you hear how he talked to Cohen?' Of course, Wilbur had written the memorandum."

The day after the conference with the doctors, President Johnson flew out to Independence, Missouri, to sign Public Law 89-97 at the Harry S. Truman Memorial Library, in honor of the former President who had been the first chief executive to come out publicly for government health insurance. Although by this time the A.M.A.'s leaders had apparently seen the futility of continued opposition, boycott fever among doctors had reached epidemic proportions. The Association informed its members that while its lawyers had advised it that any concerted boycott might constitute a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, individual doctors were free to refuse on their own to participate in the program. The statement obviously ran counter to Dr. Appel's plea for moderation and for obedience to the laws of the land, but it still didn't satisfy the more militant A.M.A. members. The Association of American Physicians and Surgeons accused the A.M.A. of "an indefensible display of collaboration with and complicity in evil," and appealed by mail to all doctors to join it in a boycott, concerted or not. Dr. Edward Annis, one of the Association's most voluble opponents of Medicare, estimated that ninety per cent of all the physicians in the country would refuse to touch a government form. By early fall, the pressure for a strike against the law had become so nearly irresistible that the A.M.A., in response to petitions from its state societies, called a special session of the House of Delegates. At the meeting, which was held in Chicago at the beginning of October, Dr. Annis told the delegates, to resounding cheers, that Medicare had been "passed by every mockery of the Democratic process," and that the nation's physicians had been betrayed by "appeasers," "collaborators with the enemy," "labor bosses," and "power-hungry political leaders." He did not recommend a boycott, however. Instead, he declared that the A.M.A. should coöperate with the government and get "inside the camp of the enemy" in order to "find the vital, the vulnerable spots." Dr. Annis's views carried a good deal of weight, and in the end they prevailed. Still, a number of delegates threatened to conduct personal boycotts, and several of them said they would go to jail before they would coöperate in any way with the government. Actually, there was no way for them to carry out this threat short of forcing their way into jail, for the law provided that if a doctor refused to fill out a Medicare form, the patient could collect from the government by simply sending in the doctor's bill and a record of its having been paid. Dr. Appel was not warmly received when he rose and told his colleagues that they were "expected by the public, the press, and the Congress to act as reasonable and mature men and women." And the response was even cooler when he said, in conclusion, "I submit . . . that no political crisis is as deleterious to medicine as one brought about by its members."

Not long afterward, Senator Douglas, who had become Congress's unofficial overseer of the Medicare program, submitted several bills to amend the law—chief among them an amendment that returned the four specialist groups to the hospital-coverage part of the plan. Along with many other members of Congress who had fought for government health insurance over the years, he was increasingly upset by the doctors' threats to boycott or in one way or another sabotage the Medicare program. "We've had a lot of reports about doctors planning to raise their fees so that the 'reasonable charges' prevailing in their area would be higher," the Senator said. "Of course, as soon as the bill was passed, they said it would never work and that the administration would be to blame for its failure. We'll know where the blame lies—and so will the people. The doctors of this country say they have a sacred trust. I hope they keep it."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(This is the last of a series of four articles.)

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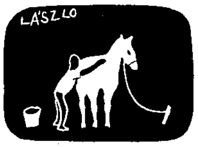
THE RACE TRACK

High Dollar

ACCORDING to a rough calculation I made on my abacus, the horses of Ogden Phipps and those of the Wheatley Stable—all of them trained by Eddie Neloy—have already earned more than a million dollars in prize money this year, and the season is hardly half over. At the pace they're going—in the fortnight from June 25th through July 9th they won seven stakes races, to the tune of $224,528—they may make it two million by the end of the year. Mr. Phipps's Buckpasser is the leading contributor, of course; the $58,000 he picked up after his victory in the Chicagoan Stakes at Arlington Park on July 9th brought his 1966 total to $262,868, which tops that of any other racer in training. After his amazing mile in 1:32⅗ in the Classic Stakes on June 25th, not much opposition was expected against him in the Chicagoan, and there wasn't. I daresay he would have had a walkover if second money hadn't been $20,000, third $15,000, and fourth $10,000, but as it was, four other three-year-olds ran. Returning travellers report that Buckpasser just galloped behind Better Sea and Whisper Jet for more than half of the mile and a furlong; then Baeza turned him loose, and he won by three-quarters of a length from Whisper Jet, with Abe's Hope third. The time was 1:49⅕, no effort having been made for high speed. Later, Baeza said it was Buckpasser's easiest victory. The colt's next start will be in the American Derby at Arlington, on August 6th; after that, it's the Travers at Saratoga on the twentieth, and then back to the Big A and its jackpots in six figures. As this is written, Buckpasser has amassed $830,964 since he came to the races last year. What price he touches a million before the snow flies?



AS everybody in racing knows too well, you can't win 'em all. Nevertheless, I have a notion that the biggest disappointment for the Wheatley Stable in some time was Bold Lad's performance in the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July. He finished sixth, ten lengths down the course. No doubt you are already familiar with the details of how Buffle, a King Ranch three-year-old, led for most of the mile and a quarter and won in a driving finish from the Cain Hoy Stable's Pluck, with the Greentree Stable's Paoluccio third. It was the first time the King Ranch had won a Suburban since the great Assault took it in 1947. I liked the way Max Hirsch, the King Ranch's canny trainer, wound Buffle up for the Suburban. After finishing second in the Belmont Stakes, which I thought he might have won with a little racing luck, the colt was second to Buckpasser in the Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park. Then, five days before the Suburban, Max dropped him into the ninth race at Aqueduct, which usually brings out second- and third-class runners. At a mile and a furlong, it was a perfect workout for Buffle, and it left him fit and ready for anything. Incidentally, he carried 110 pounds in the Suburban—twenty-five pounds less than Bold Lad.

I'd be the last one to sneer at Bold Lad, who is the best miler we've had in more than a decade. As I watched the race, I thought he ran as though his right knee, which is unusually big, was giving him trouble (horses invariably bear away from what is hurting them), and I also noticed that Baeza was doing his best to keep him on a straight course. X-ray pictures taken the next day showed nothing wrong with the knee, and it seems that Baeza had been told to keep his mount off the early pace. Perhaps Bold Lad resented the restraint and sulked. Bold Ruler, his papa, did just that on several occasions, I remember. Well, Bold Lad may run in the Brooklyn Handicap this Saturday, and if he does, I'm curious to see how he is ridden. The nagging suspicion remains that a mile and a quarter is beyond his powers.

THREE of the stakes winners Neloy saddled during that lucrative fortnight were two-year-olds. Great Power won the division for colts of the National Stallion; Great White Way won the Dover at Delaware Park; and Successor, a full brother to Bold Lad, won the Tremont. By the way, the Tremont is getting to be a Phipps affair; their Bold Lad won it in 1964, and his stablemate Buckpasser last year. This year's race was a thriller. Bold Hour, another son of Bold Ruler, was away winging, but Successor produced a spectacular burst of speed and beat him by a neck. If I were rating the two-year-olds I've seen this season, I'd put Successor, who doesn't resemble

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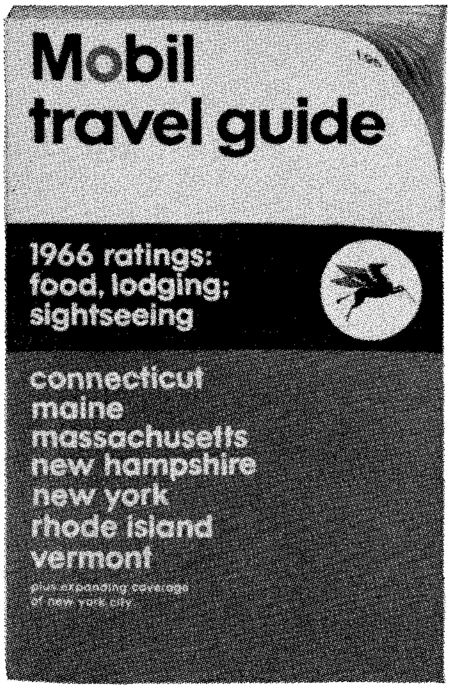

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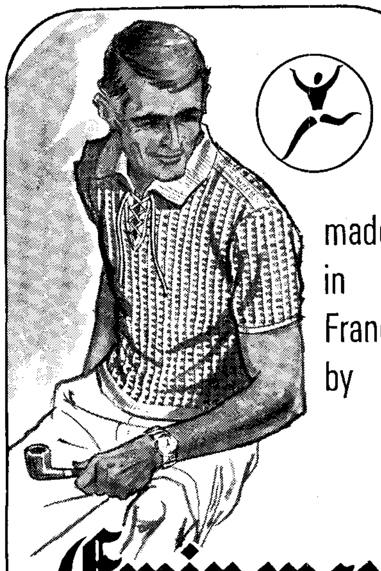

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Bold Lad in color or conformation (he's a rangy bay, and Bold Lad is a sprinter-type chestnut), at the top of my list.

PICKING UP A FEW LOOSE ENDS: The Hirsch Jacobs color-bearers Straight Deal and Treachery finished first and third in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap at Aqueduct the other day, but the stable's Exhibitionist wasn't among the first three in the Hollywood Derby at Hollywood Park later that afternoon—he was fourth, lengths behind Fleet Host, Drin, and Rehabilitate. Fleet Host, who led all the way, paid $39.20. If pedigree experts want to make anything of it, Fleet Host is bred along the same lines as Kelso, being by Your Host out of a mare by Count Fleet. A surprise winner nearer home was Raymond Guest's Jolly Jet, who won the Lamplighter Handicap from Creme dela Creme and seven others at Monmouth. He paid $53.80.

FOR the second time in a month, Ernest Cardone, an apprentice, has ridden five winners in an afternoon at Aqueduct. Some jockeys never do that in a lifetime. Needless to say, he has a big following of gamesters who bet on jockeys rather than on the horses they ride. Cardone, who comes from the Bronx, is twenty-two years old and can weigh out at ninety-five pounds. He has been under the tutelage of Harry Trotsek, one of the few trainers who develop jockeys, and he should go far. The last good race rider who came from the Bronx was Silvio Coucci; he used to cook marvellous spaghetti dinners for his friends.

DAVID ALEXANDER has been writing for years (I won't say how many) in various newspapers and magazines. He also wrote "The History and Romance of the Horse Told with Pictures," published by Cooper Square, in 1962. Now he's gone that one better with "A Sound of Horses: the World of Racing from Eclipse to Kelso" (Bobbs-Merrill). I believe it is the first book ever dedicated to a horse, and Mr. Alexander minces no words in his tribute: "His name is Kelso, and he's the greatest champion the turf has ever known." Some horsemen may not agree, and there are Kentuckians who will say, "What about Graustark?" But old race-trackers will delight in the anecdotes about people and places they've known, and younger ones will learn things that will give them a more enlightened point of view.

—AUDAX MINOR

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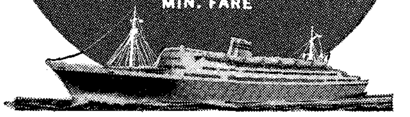

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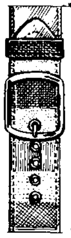

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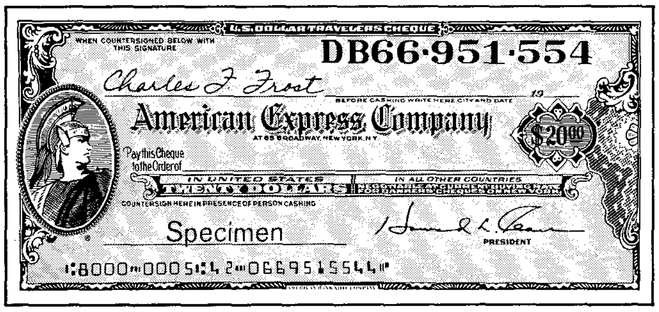
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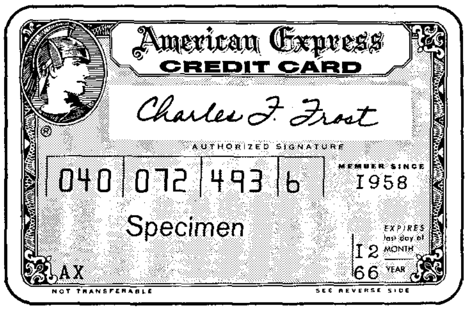
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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 13

THE foreign visitors now crowding the pavements of this capital often tell their British friends as they count the Rolls-Royces and the Jaguars and try to get a restaurant booking or a ticket for one of the popular shows that they have never known London so gay and glamorous and smelling so overpoweringly of money. Yet last Sunday the serious political journalists came out with such a universally sombre picture of the way they see the country's financial position developing beneath this misleading surface that Monday's City prices took an alarmed dip. The *Observer*, for instance, a newspaper that is not unfriendly to the present administration, began its lengthy lead editorial on the situation with the grim words "The Government is facing the complete breakdown of its economic policies." This was probably one of the "wet editorials" to which the Prime Minister angrily referred in the speech he made to the Australia Club, when he attacked the defeatist detractors of Britain. Nevertheless, though August has always traditionally been the cruelest month for breeding acute monetary crises, at which ordinary citizens sitting placidly with their thermos flasks on holiday beaches do not want to look, there are those who think that painful national news is likely to come even sooner. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has just announced, for a start, a further tightening of the squeeze on bank lending.

In the past week of troubles mounting up for Mr. Wilson and his team, there was a sort of connection between a sizable hole in the air suddenly left vacant in his Cabinet and the action of thirty-two left-wing M.P.s in abstaining from voting with the Government in the Commons debate on Vietnam last Thursday. This small but noisy Parliamentary element was recording its belief (which probably has a good deal of simmering support in the constituencies) that disowning the Hanoi bombings did not go far enough, and that nothing but a clean public break with American policy would do. Mr. Frank Cousins, the Minister of Technology, had handed in his portfolio a few days earlier, together with some trenchant farewell words of criticism of the Government's prices-and-incomes policy. The great political talking point at the moment is whether these dissident leftist elements, which have been combining to criticize Mr. Wilson lately on Vietnam and other grounds, have now found what they have been lacking—a leader who could make things hot for the administration in the unions, and also at the often militant annual Party Conference, where Labour hammers out the policies to put in the national shopwindow. When the Prime Minister brought Frank Cousins into his first Cabinet, it was widely said that the appointment was a brilliantly astute political move. It drew into the very center of the governing machine the most powerful potential wrecker—the controller of a million conference votes from his Transport and General Workers' Union, to the bosom of which he has now returned in his old role of general secretary. In 1960, when Labour was in the throes of its agonized debate of conscience on nuclear disarmament, it was Cousins who led the unilateralists against Hugh Gaitskell at the famous Scarborough Conference that declared for neutralism. He is a man of strong beliefs—who has now resigned because of one of them—and an impressive, if slightly chilly, presence on his home ground of the Conference rostrum, where he rouses audiences without difficulty. In the oddly flippant club atmosphere of the House of Commons, which he entered for the first time as a Minister, he was never at ease. His curiously fumbling, inept performances in debate were frequently followed by candid advice to Mr. Wilson from the press to speed his departure, which counsel the Prime Minister may now wish he had followed, instead of letting Mr. Cousins choose his own awkward moment. In his letter of resignation, contributed like a damaging preface to the Government's prices-and-incomes bill, which came out next day, he explained that the bill was "a contradiction of the philosophy upon which our Party is based," and that he could no longer support a policy that would give the Government power (pretty mild so far, it seems) to restrict by legislation, if persuasion and fervent appeals to national interests should fail, the right of the unions to demand a larger cut of the cake—which itself grows no larger, as plenty of non-union citizens, anyway, are only too anxiously aware. Mr. Cousins accused the Prime Minister, in effect, of selling him the idea that a Labour Government, once in power, would somehow be able to avoid the painful, unpopular necessity for wage restraint that had bedevilled the previous Conservative Government. As it happens, the provincial bus men, who are members of Mr. Cousins' mammoth union, are the next in line with claims for more money than the prices-and-incomes board has reckoned they should have. The first test of muscle between their liberated strong man and the Government will, therefore, not be far off. The Commons is to debate the controversial new bill this Thursday, and the going will probably be rough for the Government, but the voting is not expected to drop, as it did in the Vietnam debate. That was

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treated as a matter of individual conscience. This week, Parliament will be asked to approve an important measure that was part of the election manifesto on which Labour won in March, and the whips must see to it that the trades-union Members who may be inclined to back up Cousins think again.

Two sharp, politically very differently oriented, and not flattering impressions from distinguished visitors as to how Britain looks to the neighbors as a friend and a risk were being talked about while the Vietnam row was in the headlines. Mr. Harold Holt, the Prime Minister of Australia, spoke out like a forthright family connection when he gave a press conference after he arrived here from Washington, and though many British felt that he had picked up a strong Texas accent en route, his words were thoughtfully digested. He talked frankly of Australians' disappointment over Mr. Wilson's Hanoi statement, and of their anxiety as to how far Britain intends to stay in or pull out of her old East of Suez sphere—another subject on which the Government clashes with some of its backbenchers, who would prefer the pulling out to be accelerated. It was ironic that M. Pompidou, the French Prime Minister, should turn up here for talks to find Mr. Wilson in the thick of a passionate debate on the subject of France's old sphere of trouble in Southeast Asia. The polite official communiqué at the end of his visit was a disappointment to pro-Europeans in all parties, who translated its expected phrases about the British readiness to join the Common Market and the French assurances that nothing prevented it but the same old difficulties into the certainty that neither side had budged an inch from its original position. What was new, and possibly a bit of shock treatment for many British, was Premier Pompidou's reportedly pointing out at Downing Street that France would surely expect the British to make tougher sacrifices to drag their sagging economy up into a healthier vertical position before they could become solvent candidates for admission to the European Economic Community. The only concrete result of the talks—the decision to go ahead on the Channel tunnel—should add to the already unbalanced population problems of Britain's bulging Southeast.

IT has seemed like old times to middle-aged playgoers to see Noël Coward's name in lights on Shaftesbury Avenue again as actor and playwright after an interval of nineteen years. In his last appearance here, thirteen years ago, he played in Shaw. His present double bill, at the Queen's Theatre, consists of three separate new offerings—a full-length play alternating with a couple of lighter short pieces that are given in one evening. All are scored for three voices only—his own and those of Lilli Palmer and Irene Worth. In the long play, "A Song at Twilight," the principal nostalgic pleasure and interest was to see how the voice and the walk and the mannerisms had weathered the years, and they can all be reported to be in fine shape. Some of the critics felt that the old snap and crackle of Coward lines had got a bit damp in the box, though. The theme of the play is the currently modish one of homosexuality—in this case the secret aberration, unsuspected by his reverent public, of a celebrated elderly writer, which is uncovered by a vindictive old heterosexual love who suddenly reappears in his carefully protected life with incriminating letters in her handbag. The central character immediately suggested Somerset Maugham to some reviewers, though other aspects of the situation—the famous old party lives abroad and has married his secretary, a devoted, redoubtable lady who guards him like a watchful nanny—seemed to bear a superficial resemblance to Max Beerbohm (without a vestige of Beerbohm charm, it should be added). Most of the play consists of an acrimonious tête-à-tête dinner between Coward, as Sir Hugo, and Lilli Palmer, as his vengeful past, and it must be said that in spite of all the talents involved it seemed a long time between courses. The hit of the play is Irene Worth as the German-born wife, who returns from her own tactful dinner engagement mildly inebriated and gently routs the pair of them. It is a funny, touching performance, played by Miss Worth in a perfectly observed German accent and a wicked travesty of a Teutonic matron's hat—a sort of rigid little Brünnhilde crash helmet, which, with the rest of the women's clothes, was designed by Molyneux, another nostalgic name of the same vintage.

THE third City of London Festival, now a much enjoyed biennial fixture for music lovers, has just opened, with the usual choice program of concerts and recitals in the noble settings of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, some of the City churches, and the magnificent halls of the Livery Companies. One of the most eagerly

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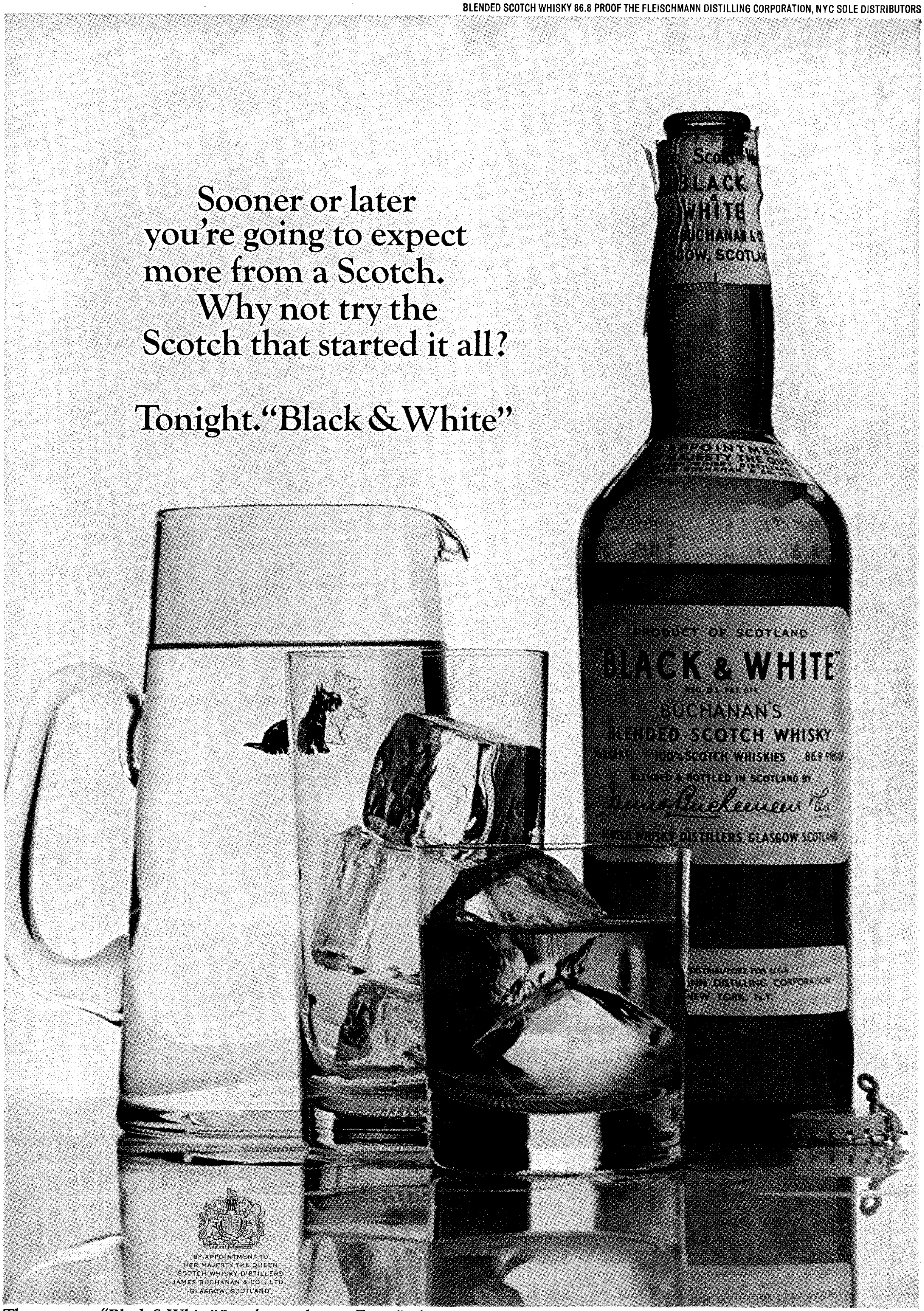
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awaited events of the two weeks was the new Benjamin Britten work, "The Burning Fiery Furnace," performed in Southwark Cathedral. Britten describes it as his second parable for church performance. The first, "Curlew River," was given at Southwark two years ago, and the framework and the convention of the new work are the same. The action took place in the chancel, on a tilted circular stage that looked like a little ship dominated by a tall, mastlike structure. After a chorus of medieval monks and acolytes entered chanting up the aisle, the brothers who were to sing the leading roles were ceremoniously dressed up in their bright mummers' garments over their white woollen robes (a penance indeed on a warm July evening), and their abbot announced the beginning of the mystery play. This time, Britten has taken the Biblical story of the three young Jewish exiles, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who refused to worship the Babylonian golden god and were cast by Nebuchadnezzar into the fiery furnace but were protected by an angel and emerged unscathed. There were some marvellous and haunting moments musically and dramatically, particularly in the music and petulant, vacillating characterization of Nebuchadnezzar (splendidly sung by Peter Pears in a golden mask), and in the magnificent choral movements. The finale was unforgettable. Once more assuming their robes and cowls, the monks filed out, their sonorous chanting fading gradually with the lights. For one thrilling moment the other evening, nobody stirred, sitting in the dusky cathedral looking toward the mysteriously glowing dark-blue East Window.

After it was over, some of the audience walked between the towering Dickensian warehouses of the district to a little riverside pub where the customers were enjoying their drinks and squeezing their girls in an open-air enclosure built out over the river. It is always part of the pleasurable free trimmings of the City Festival that one gets new looks at this part of London by night—in this case, a ravishing view of floodlit and freshly cleaned St. Paul's, seeming to soar like an airy bubble out of the Thames, and, away in the distance, behind the dramatically lit span of London Bridge, the tiny but sinister pepperpots of the Tower.

THE arguments continue to roll around Lord Moran's book on his great patient, Sir Winston Churchill, which has certainly been helped to keep

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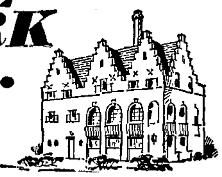

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its steady place in the best-seller list by the ethical rumpus. Randolph Churchill, whose own book on his father is due to appear this autumn, led the attack and has returned to it several times. With filial loyalty, he objected principally to Lord Moran's having said that Churchill was "burnt out" after the 1945 election defeat—a period when, he pointed out, the great man still had enough fire in him to lead the Tory Party back into power and to win the Nobel Prize for literature. A spate of letters, mostly critical of Lord Moran's publishing so soon after Sir Winston's death, or of publishing these intimate professional details at all, appeared in the newspaper correspondence columns from friends and wartime colleagues and irate members of the Churchill household. Two of Sir Winston's women secretaries gave an affectionate joint picture of working for the old man in the sad waiting period when he longed to be gone. "In the last months, he may not have said much," they wrote, "but what he said was worth hearing." Now the British Medical Association, meeting in Exeter this month, has decided by five hundred and ninety-seven votes to a courageous three that a doctor's vow of professional secrecy must continue even after his patient's death. There are probably many readers of Lord Moran's far too capacious log-book of memories, however, who feel that the greatness of a dead man must make the record of every ache and mood and fluctuation of a temperature chart become the fascinating and illuminating minutiae and property of history. Sir Winston's faithful physician answered the attacks in a letter to the *Times* that was dignified but quickly started up some more. He finished by saying, " 'Generosity is always wise,' said my well-loved master. When he went, smaller men took his place and sought to speak for him."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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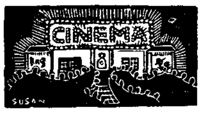
Heston's Gordon

General Charles Gordon, an eccentric professional British soldier, was like T. E. Lawrence in many ways, so "Khartoum," the Cinerama version of the conflict between British imperial politics and Gordon's conception of personal fulfillment, must be compared with "Lawrence of Arabia." It compares badly. The script, by Robert Ardrey, is literate and scholarly, but fatally cautious. Ardrey settles too often for the spoken word, and abandons right at the beginning of the movie any attempt to speculate by other theatrical means on Gordon's political and religious beliefs, or on his motives for sticking it out in Khartoum to his death. The words "mystic," "mystical," and "mysterious" are bandied about by wry statesmen, headed by Ralph Richardson as Prime Minister Gladstone; Arab extras are awed or wary in Gordon's presence, depending on political and social conditions; and Richard Johnson, whose role as Colonel J. D. H. Stewart, Gordon's second-in-command, serves no more than mechanical purposes, just looks blank. Charlton Heston, as Gordon, looks physically heroic and magnificent, but his selection to play the role represents the incompatibility of financial and historical-dramatic interests, and further raises the odds against persuasive melodrama. So does the strategic stolidity of Laurence Olivier as the Mahdi, the religious warrior who opposes Gordon's fanaticism with his own, though Olivier's performance succeeds, as it was no doubt meant to do, in slightly undershadowing Heston's. The confrontations between them barely skim either the tragic or the comic possibilities. Heston's most interesting lines sound like mere recitations from Gordon's journals. His death scene is staged to show his mystical aura so literally that it becomes ridiculous. The greatest achievement of "Lawrence of Arabia" was the visual illumination of the hero's character. "Khartoum," on the other hand, is a series of well-designed but static historical vignettes, in which there is not only a failure to indicate Gordon's attitude toward the Sudanese people but also a failure, in spite of the beauty and authenticity of the location, the sets, and the costumes, to associate him photographically with the landscape.



"A Man and a Woman" is a beautiful and humorous movie written, directed, photographed, and edited by Claude Lelouch, who has effectively elaborated on an idea that could have been handled in a color spread in *Look* or *Life*, setting it in continuous and varied motion that is always precisely expressive, using gestures and glances, the sounds of cars and trains, pop music, news broadcasts, and weather reports instead of dialogue as often as he can, and further extending his scope with shifts from color to black-and-white or sepia or blue, and from literal to distorted perspective. The widow and widower who fall in love are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant, who was last seen as the shifty veterinarian in "The Sleeping Car Murder."

"Joseph Kilian" is a forty-minute Czech film that has to do with the difficulty of returning a rented cat in a city run by absentee bureaucrats. The directors, Pavel Juracek and Jan Schmidt, establish an appropriately Surrealist mood, but the effect is diluted by the uncertain relationship between their camera and their subject. There is too much random panning, blurring, and freezing of shots, and too many scenes that stretch out long after they have made their point. The opening scene, however, in which the cat renter emerges from among groups of marchers passing mechanically through a city street, is a skillful combination of images, lighting effects, and sound.

Movie history has not been made by "The Alphabet Murders," the latest attempt to capture the essence of Agatha Christie on film, in which Tony Randall suitably impersonates one of the most tiresome sprightly characters in English literature, Hercule Poirot. —Susan Lardner

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Corrections for Cookbook

The following typographical errors in the Washington Street Cookbook, Collector's Cookery, have been found: On page 48, Sea Food Casserole, recipe should read 2 heaping tbsp. Mayonnaise, not mustard; on page 70 the recipe for Sour Cream Pound Cake should read ½ pint sour cream, not ¼; and on page 92 the Sour Cream Blue Plum Pie recipe should read ⅛ tsp. mace, not cup. That recipe also calls for. . . —*Bulletin of the Washington Street Methodist Church, Columbia, S.C.*

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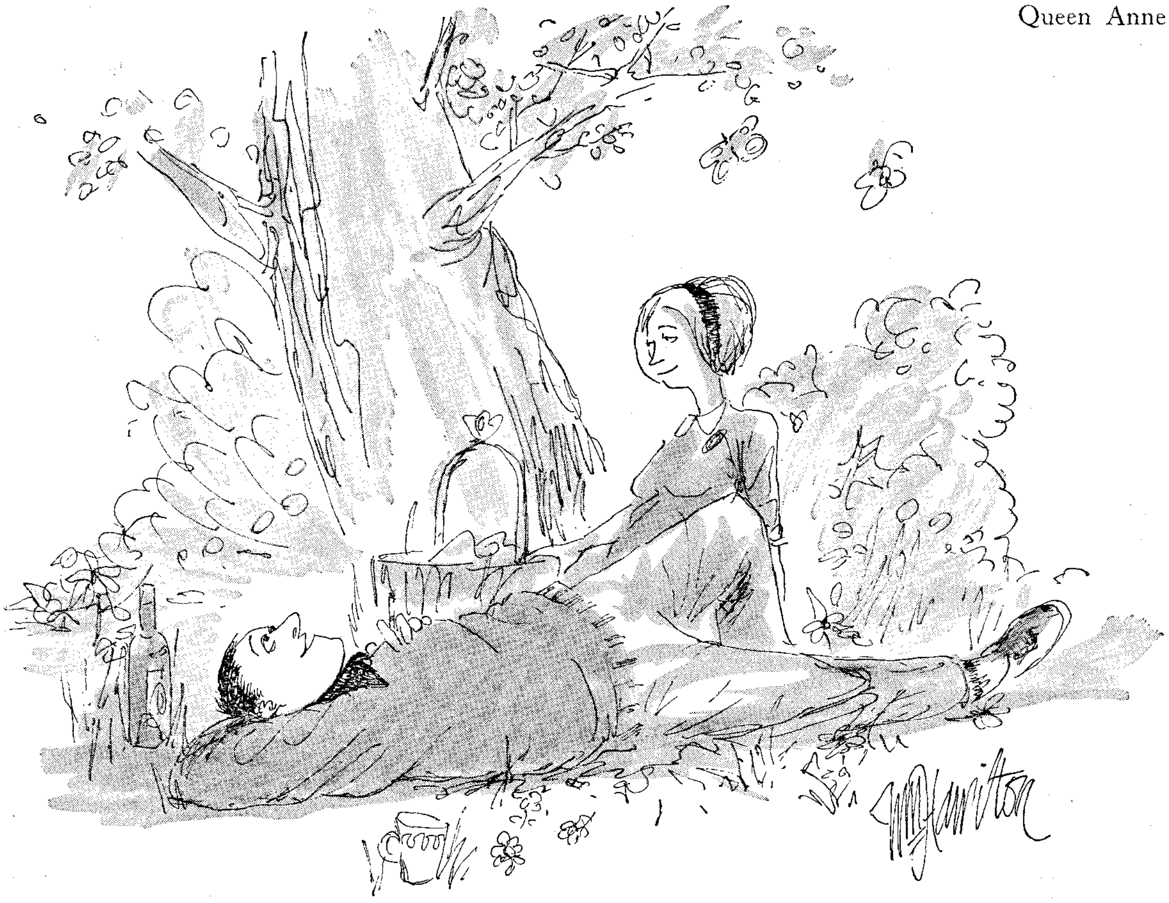
UNLESS one is an advanced student of millinery or equine bloodstock, the only serious reason for attending the Royal Ascot Meeting is to reassure oneself that the venerable, four-day pageant of British hats and horses has not fallen victim to change. No one cares more about permanence and tradition than a visiting American in London, and although my pilgrimage to Ascot last week was my first, I think I no more wanted to encounter innovations or untoward happenings there than, say, the Duke of Norfolk, who is the Queen's Sol Hurok for the occasion. Well, Royal Ascot is over, and after attending all four days (I skipped the fifth, which, being nonregal, is called Ascot Heath and merely resembles a caboose) I can report with satisfaction that I came away entirely unsurprised. To be sure, there was a handful of minor startlers—inevitably overplayed by the London papers, which obdurately persist in trying to treat Ascot as a source of news—and in the interests of history it is probably best to clear these up before pushing on to the more heartening and familiar body of this report. Certain elements of the press tried to suggest that the mini-skirt rash had spread to the Royal Enclosure, but this was scare journalism; I saw a few kneecaps within the barrier but nothing higher, except on horses. The tabloid *Evening Standard* got it right with a headline: "AN UTTERLY UN-MOD ASCOT." There is no denying that there was a riveting moment on opening day at one of the gates to the Enclosure when the Earl of Snowdon, a step or two behind Princess Margaret, was stopped by a gatekeeper, who put his arm up and said, "Where is your badge, sir?" Fortunately, the Princess was equal to the occasion; she smiled and murmured "It's us," thus engendering a good deal of subsequent speculation among British grammarians and housewives as to whether she meant "It's me and him" or whether she was using a variant of the plural made famous by her unamused great-great-grandmama. The papers also reported a speech in Commons by Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal Party leader, who arose on Hunt Cup Day and attacked "the leadership of the country" for indulging in "a display of luxury and idleness at Ascot" that would discourage the citizenry from hard work and wage restraint, but this is the kind of dour, spoilsport stuff one expects from a third-party statesman who commands only ten votes in Parliament. Besides, how could he call the leadership idle when there was the Queen at Ascot, bang on the job! Finally, there was an unsettling outburst of radicalism concealed in an article in the newest issue of *The Field*, in which a Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Nickalls wrote, in part:

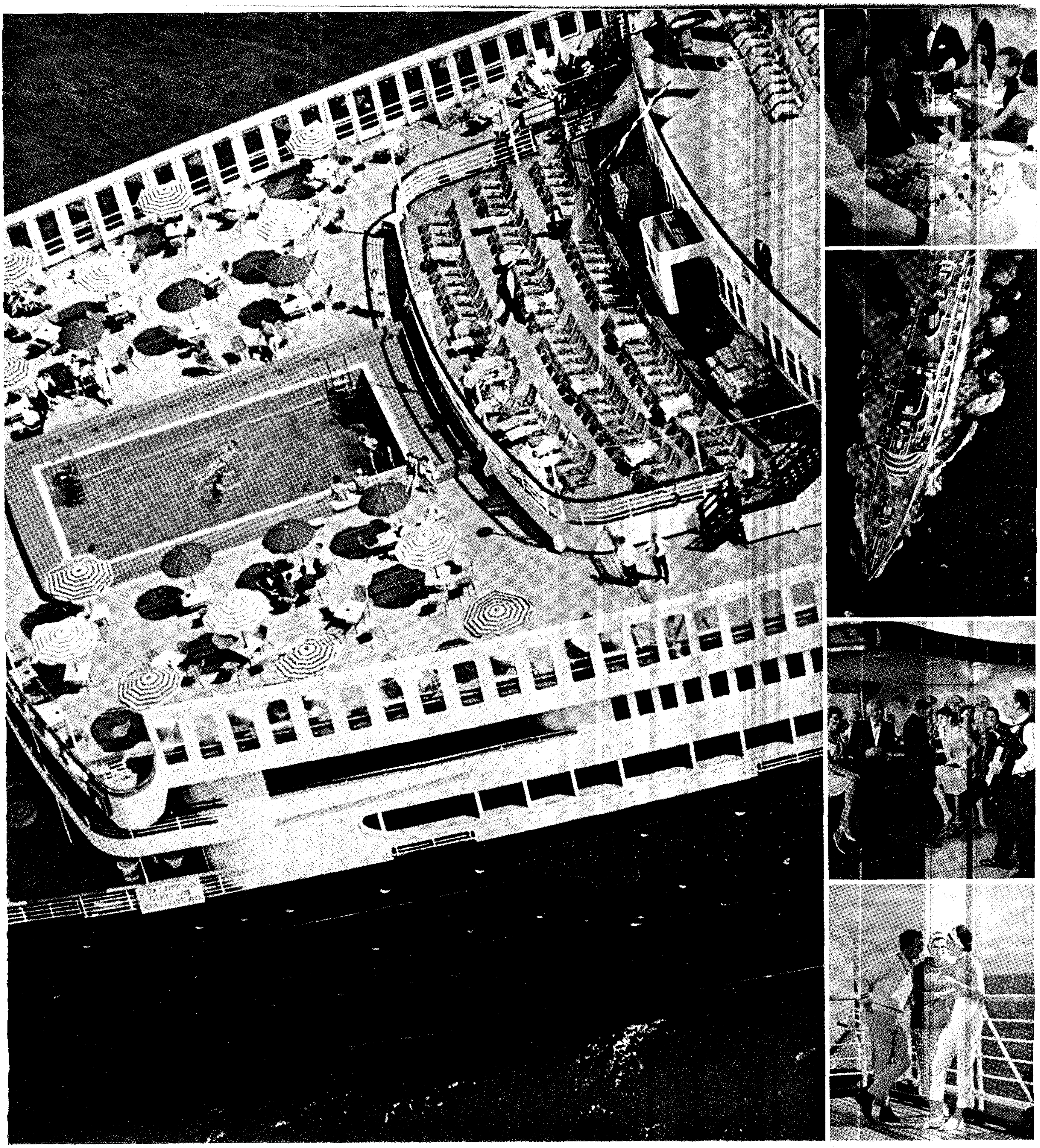
> There will be . . . readers of *The Field* this week whose thoughts are far removed from Ascot's throng. For this week is the one in which (so we are informed by the experts) the young partridge population is hatched; and I often wonder that the owners of big partridge manors have not long ago "lobbied" the Jockey Club into arranging the Royal Meeting at Ascot a fortnight later, or earlier. Because it seems to be the normal practice for the heavens to open and disgorge gallons of rains to drench this most important racing and social festival, the partridges might have a better chance of survival if it was held at some other time.

In view of the fact that Royal Ascot has been held on four damp weekdays exactly in the middle of June ever since the meeting was founded by Queen Anne in 1711, and that *The Field* is the most unsurprising of all British publications, Colonel Nickalls' enigmatic proposal was in many ways the most ominous event of Ascot Week. I was therefore especially relieved when local experts assured me that this paragraph was merely an example of British humor, and could thus be forgotten.

My wife and I had been invited by new London friends to drive out to Royal Ascot with them for opening day; he is a broker in the City, very keen on bloodlines, who takes Ascot week off every year. His wife is also a student of racing form, and so, too, was an old friend of theirs, a retired female physician, who completed our party. I thought the two British ladies were



"'Twas on just such a day I thought up the Glo-Spray jingle."



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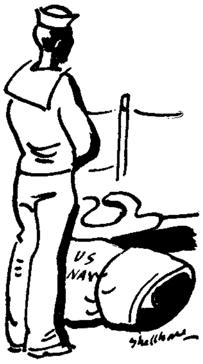
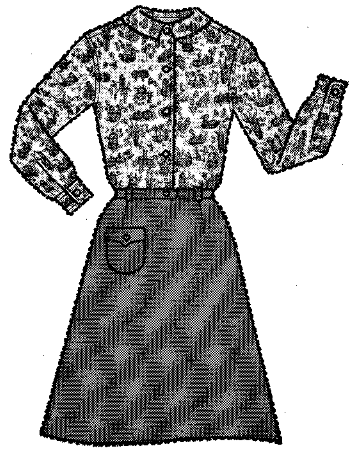
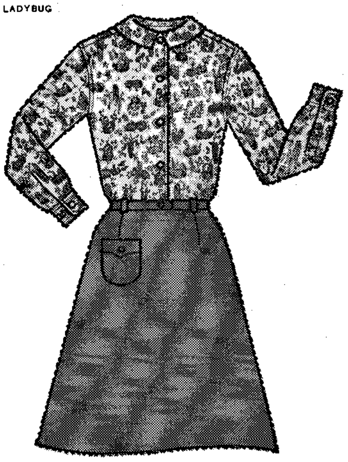
GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C., 80 PROOF somewhat restrained in their approval of each other's hats, but when I discovered that they planned to attend the entire Ascot meeting together, I understood; both had three days of new hats ahead of them, and they were pacing their enthusiasm, like starters in a two-mile race. My wife, by contrast, had inadvertently left her best Ascot hat tucked away in its box on a closet shelf in New York. She had hastily made up the loss during a brief stopover in Paris but was still in the safe, unhappy position of a roulette player whose major funds are tied up in an irrevocable trust back home. Other millinery was in strong evidence even before we had fought our way clear of the London traffic and into the country traffic to the west; at each red light, a shiny Humber or Jaguar would draw up next to a Rover or Bentley, and slowly the yellow silk turban within would turn and inspect the flowered cartwheel or ribboned straw next door. The rear-window shelves in these cars were frequently taken up by two or three gray toppers, which sometimes made the highway ahead look like the view from a Montmartre rooftop.

Any remaining doubts I may have had about the permanence of the old Ascot vanished an hour or so later, when we at last pulled into the car park just beside the course and our hostess began to unpack the boot for our *déjeuner sur l'herbe.* The car park looked like the paddock at a Rolls-Royce gymkhana. Shortly after we had begun to tuck into our cold chicken and good but warmish champagne, still another Rolls pulled up next to us and debouched a gentleman in shirtsleeves and striped morning pants, who ran around to the rear and began calling parking instructions to his mother, who was at the wheel. "Left hand, Mummy!" he called. "Now right, right—hard right! Now a little more left! *There* you are! Oh, well done, Mummy!" Three or four ancient but spotless four-in-hand coaches that had driven in from nearby estates were stationed near the course railings, and a few rows up from us an advance party of footmen was unpacking a station wagon and setting up a table, chairs, napkins, and cutlery. I spotted several blue "SUPPORT RHODESIA" stickers on windows and bumpers of arriving cars. Soon there was a great deal of looking at watches, a packing up of hampers, an unfurling of carefully folded gray tailcoats. I kept listening for the sounds of a football band. Our hostess pinned on her blue Royal Enclosure badge, and then looked in her pocketbook and said, "Lipstick, compact, comb, cigarettes, large money, small money. Yes. When I walk through the gate there on the first day and buy my race card, then I know that Ascot has *really* started. A real swing comes into my stride, d'you know."



THE layout at Ascot consists of a green turf straightaway that slopes down a long hill to the right of the stands before joining the irregular triangle of the Swinley Course, which includes a stiff uphill-and-downhill bit in the backstretch and two turns sharp enough to make jockeys and horses bank like water skiers as they come around. The course runs the wrong way—that is, clockwise—and ends in a couple of punishing uphill furlongs just before the finish line, in front of the Royal Enclosure. The first horses to test the course were those pulling the open landaus of the royal party, which came down the green straight and up past the stands, preceded by scarlet outriders, the anthem, and scattered cries of "Hip, hip, hooraw!" There they all were, looking—well, looking exactly like themselves. The Queen was in white, and Prince Philip was sporting a smashing yellow boutonnière. Two or three carriages back, I made out Princess Grace of Monaco, in a white hat and a black, daisy-trimmed frock; Prince Rainier's beard, for some reason, made him look like Walter Brennan. The party shortly appeared in the glass-enclosed, flower-decked Royal Box, and all the women near me turned their binoculars that way for a good, long, happy stare, pausing only to smile at each other and murmur, "Ehw, she *does* look love-lee, doesn't she?" Many of them were so absorbed that they missed most of the first race—a rousing mile-long, weight-for-age affair, which culminated in a head-to-head driving finish, a stewards' inquiry, and, eventually, a disqualification of the winner.

I should explain that my wife and I watched all this not from the Royal Enclosure, to which we did have badges, but from seats in the adjoining Grandstand. A last-minute bout of nerves had kept me from attempting my hired, compulsory gray tailcoat and topper, and I had decided instead to sport a reliable sack suit, a restrained

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tie, and a friendly, democratic expression—absolutely the wrong idea, it turned out; the way to feel inconspicuous at Ascot is to look exactly like Rex Harrison. Still, our seats gave us a fine, if unprivileged, view. The crowds of people opposite us on the Heath—a scrubby infield that contains a car park, a small reservoir, and some grimy tea tents—were untroubled by problems of costume. A good many of them were in shirtsleeves, sprawled full length on the ground and soaking up the warm, un-English sunshine. There were picnickers with spread-out newspapers between them, and dozens of small children were making heavy use of a row of swings. Wandering among them all was a scattering of revivalists, looking cheerful enough under their hand-painted signs—"THE END IS AT HAND," "TIME IS SHORT," and "REPENT!" On our side, fences separated our lawn from Silver Ring, an ancient, inexpensive stand a good way up the course to the right, and the Royal Enclosure, to our left. The private side of the latter fence was crowded with gents in gray toppers (in clusters, they resemble pencil erasers), who were placing bets with bookies on the Grandstand side. These wagers and other odds-making data were relayed by the flailing white-gloved hands of the tick-tack men and recorded at the encampments, on the lawn in front of the Grandstand, of such reliables as Fred Binns, Victor Chandler, Morry Levy, and companions, who make up the local financial district known as Tattersall's. Between races, we studied the tote board in the Grandstand back yard, where, on a flower-decked stand, a Life Guards band, all gilt and scarlet, tootled briskly through a waltz from "Fledermaus" and a variety of Gilbert and Sullivan airs. From this small park, a long, gloomy white brick pedestrian tunnel led under the Royal Enclosure, emerging among the trees and horse rings and sweet-smelling grass of the paddock, which we were permitted to share with the blue-badge wearers. As I walked back and forth through this tunnel during the afternoon, I began to notice that it was not so much the costumes that differed at each end as the accents. At the top of one stairway you heard Lancashire, London East End, or Surbiton; at the top of the other, unmistakably, you heard Oxbridge. The thing was a Henry Higgins Shuttle.

English turfmen are fond of stayers and stayers' races, and the peak of the afternoon was the Ascot Stakes, a two-and-a-half-mile marathon that attract-

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ed no fewer than twenty-five veteran slow-breathers and culminated in a marvellous up-the-stretch duel between two horses named Shira and Tubalcain. Shira was carrying two quid of mine, bet on the nose, but Tubalcain just nailed him at the wire—or, more locally, pipped him at the post. This left me panting but still winless for the afternoon, though I was not without prospects. I had been advised by our friends in the car that we should concentrate our day's investments on a colt named Bold Lad in the ensuing Coventry Stakes, a six-furlong sprint for two-year-olds. For a greedy moment, I thought I had unearthed a rich vein of hanky-panky, remembering a celebrated Bold Lad who had campaigned brilliantly as a two-year-old at home in 1964, but, alas, the local Bold Lad was only a younger half brother, also by Bold Ruler. In any case, he was already far too well known for my liking, being immediately established on the tote boards as a powerful favorite. At Ascot, as at other British tracks, one can make wagers at the impersonal, computerish tote or make private transactions with the more historic and more visible bookies. A local adage advises the latter when betting a favorite, so I now approached Tattersall's and the chalk board of a Mr. Frank Bassett, only to hear him shouting "I'll taike six to five. Taiking six to five on Bold Lad." There was no response, for it had been an afternoon of long-shot winners, and most bettors were as anxious as I was to get well. Sensing the trend, Mr. Bassett thereupon took Bold Lad off the books entirely. I was so impressed by his sportsmanship that I entered negotiations with him, finally centering my hopes on an animal named Royal Palace, for reasons that I have forgotten, since they were almost instantly proved insane. Bold Lad went off at four to six and got home first by yards—safe as the Bank of England. Safer.

The warm, sunshiny afternoon wore away, and so did my funds. My last coppers vanished in a bet on the Duke of Westminster's Watergate in the final race, the St. James's Palace Stakes. This was a gesture of sentimentality, for the celebrated Westminster colors—marvellous silks of yellow and gold, with a black velvet cap—have only just returned to racing after an absence of a generation. Watergate got up to second but no farther, and we all rose and started home. The ticktack men, their work done, stripped off their white gloves and wiped their faces with them. Up at the car park, a policeman stopped us to let one of the shining,

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elegantly laden coaches go by. The driver, an old gentleman in a topper, gray gloves, and a crimson boutonnière, flicked his whip as he came by, touching up his matched teams once again for the journey back to 1885.

MY entrance—in full Edwardian fig—into the Royal Enclosure the next afternoon was illuminated by the kind of midsummer sunshine that would have delighted a Kansas corn grower. This was unfortunate, for my outfit was made of an impermeable heavy-duty weave perhaps first run up for the Shackleton Antarctic expedition. As my head steamed under my topper and my collar turned to hot iron, I stared longingly at the half-naked sunbathers on the Heath and at three Middle Eastern princelings in the Enclosure whose formal costume included lemon-yellow silk robes and flowing burnouses. There are no seats to speak of in the Enclosure—not even in its dreary new two-story grandstand—but the British upper classes are masterly standees. All afternoon, they trudged up and down narrow stairways or threw themselves onto crowded escalators, progressing from paddock to stand-up bar to betting queue and usually arriving back at precisely the same standing point just in time to view the next race. (I heard one vertical young lady explain to another, "We're not at our *regular* place today, because Mummy got mixed up and stood with the wrong old ladies.") The race over, everyone reversed the process, thundering out into the broiling paddock to inspect the entries for the next event.

Ascot breeds fortitude in other ways, for the meeting is famously destructive to equine form. There had been some hope this year that the absence of French horses, banned because of a recent outbreak of swamp fever across the Channel, would help matters, for a lot of Continental horses with impossible names and locally unfamiliar records have made off with Ascot's top prizes since the war, frequently at longish odds. But even this small boost was insufficient to make up for the chanciness of Ascot's testing landscape, immense fields, and numerous sprints for unpredictable two-year-olds, and the winners of the second-day races paid off at such odds as 33–1, 25–1, and 100–7. I barely need add that I had twigged to none of these, nor had my fellow-loser. The three horses we backed in the featured Royal Hunt Cup handicap had vanished utterly by the time the thirty-horse field streamed past us; the race was won handily by an Irish colt named Continuation. In the Coronation Stakes, a mile race for three-year-old fillies, a new hazard of Ascot racing became evident. The British turf has so far disdained regular use of the starting gate ("It's all right for greyhound racing, I suppose," one expert said to me jauntily), perhaps because the old walkup start to a spring barrier imparts a ragged and delightfully amateurish look to the field as it gets away—rather like a relay race among public-school third-formers. Before the start of the Coronation, a filly named Soft Angels, unconfined by a gate, spent a full nine minutes aiming the wrong way, kicking up her pretty heels, and trying out new dance steps before her jockey, Scobie Breasley, could bring her near the line. Soft Angels got off with the others, but the heavily backed favorite, a filly named Glad Rags, was so bored or astonished by these shenanigans that she was left standing and could not quite make up her amusing handicap of twelve lengths.

To keep hope alive in the face of such frequent disasters, the tote at Ascot offers almost as many wagering inducements as a church bazaar. There is a daily double, a daily treble, and a "Forecast Special," which rewards those able to name the first two finishers in a race. There is no show betting, but a place bettor can win money on a third-place finisher if there are as many as eight horses in the field. This year, for the first time, there was also a Tote Jackpot—a five-shilling dream requiring the punter only to select all six winners of the day. Since most of the bloods around me seemed to be having as much trouble as I in finding even a single winner, I was not surprised when, for the second straight day, it was announced that no Jackpot players were still breathing after the fifth race; the pool, which was carried forward to the next day, now amounted to more than twenty-nine thousand pounds. The final inducement to keep one returning to the tote was the character of the middle-aged sirens employed at the selling windows; they were all comfortable and immensely kindly, exactly like somebody's old Nana, and undoubtedly excellent at coping with tears. I couldn't compare them with the ladies behind the pay windows, not having earned a card of

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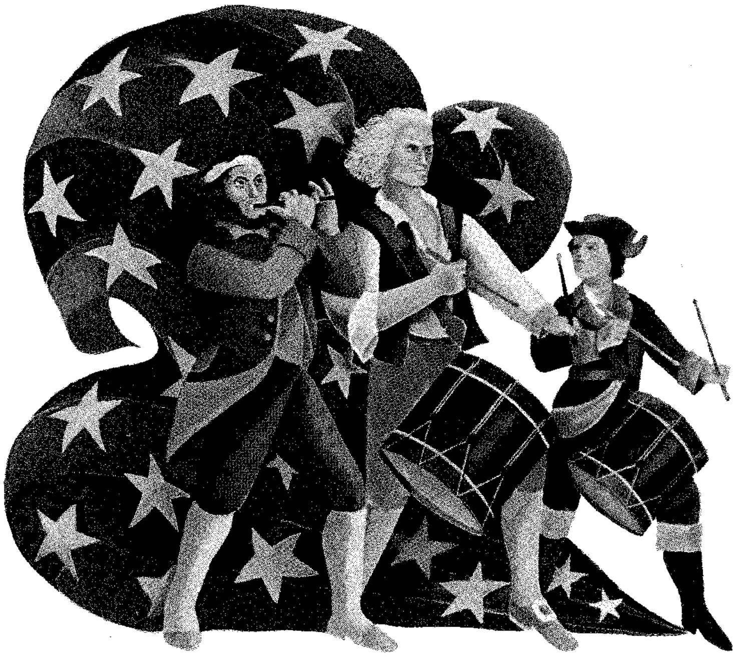

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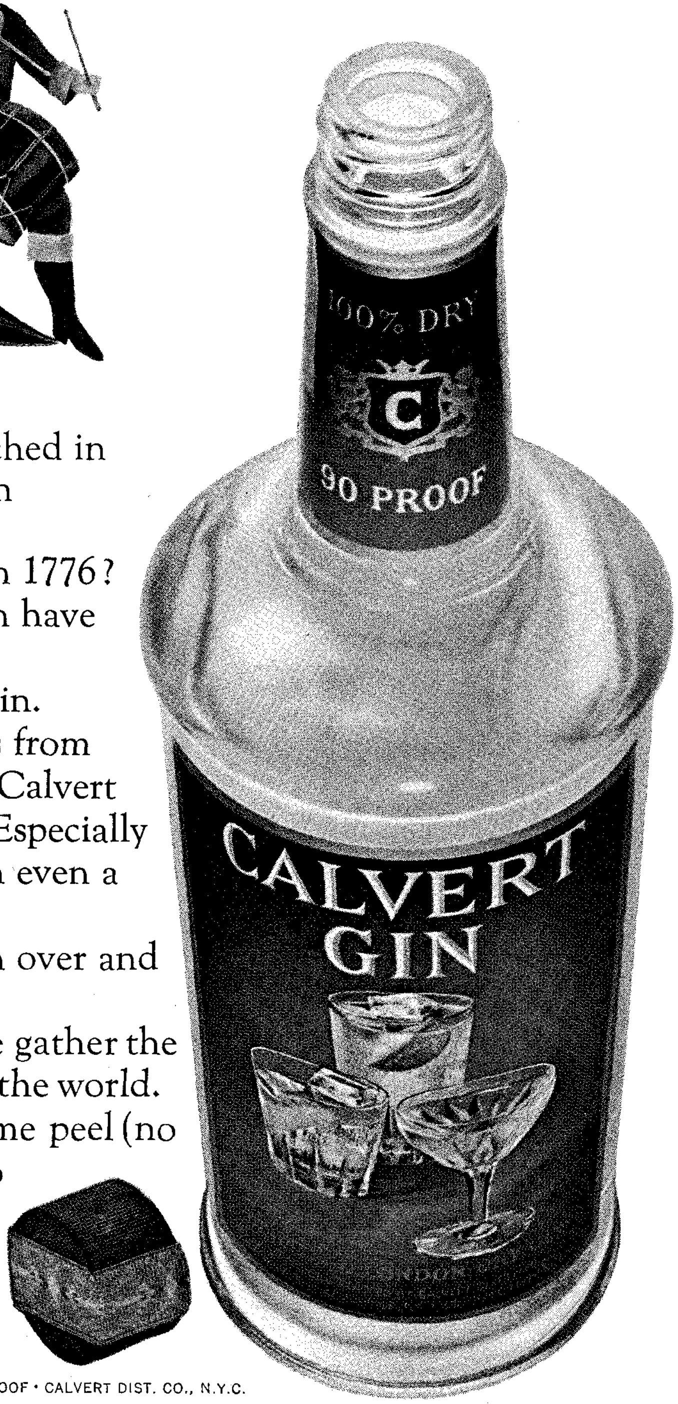

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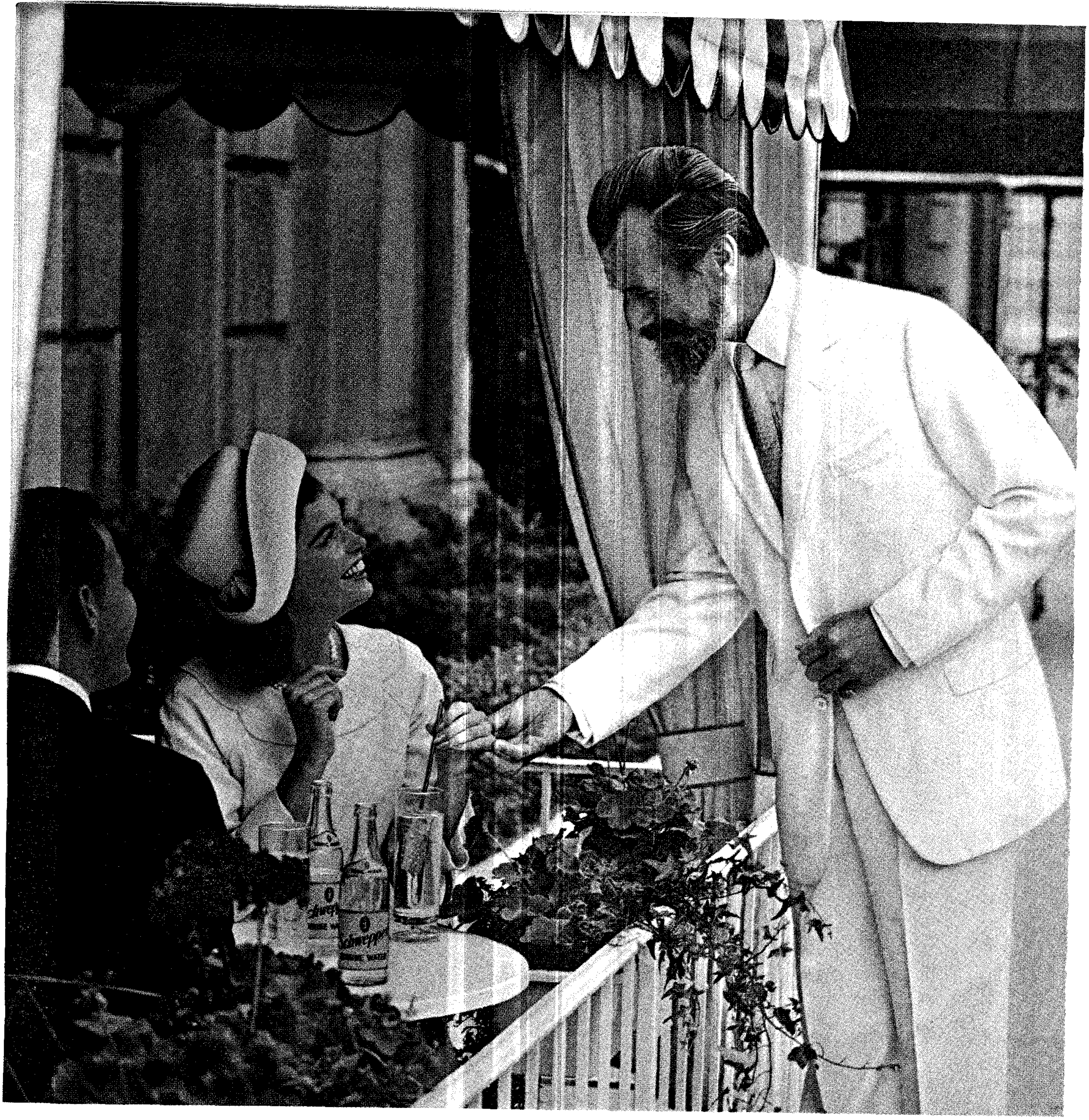

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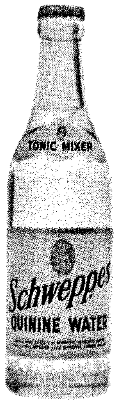
(And, who knows, the Commander himself may be lurking somewhere nearby.)



introduction, but in my wearied, sunstruck imagination these unseen ones had all begun to look exactly like Julie Christie.

THE next afternoon, as my wife and I wheeled out to Ascot for Gold Cup Day in a chauffeur-driven car I had laid on for the occasion, I realized that I had reached such a point of acclimatization that I had begun to slightly resent our own admission to the Royal Enclosure. None of our English racing friends had broached the comparison, but in the good old days that so many of them spoke of so longingly admission standards for Yanks were undoubtedly stiffer. If Ascot seemed ageless to me, there were those to whom the place would never seem the same as it did before the war, when the rule against divorced individuals in the Enclosure was unbreakable, when many of the London clubs and old regiments had luncheon-and-champagne tents at Ascot (only White's and the Cavalry Club were bivouacked there this year), and when one actually knew most of the people one saw in the old orange brick Royal Stands. Those stands came down after the 1963 Ascot, and with them went such familiar institutions and oddities as the Iron Stand, a private enclave for racing gentlemen (now preserved only as a few rows of seats, full of elders), and the charming, tricky wrought-iron grilles underfoot, in which so many generations of British débutantes used to catch their heels. The new Royal Enclosure stands have room for eight thousand of the élite, and while applicants are still screened and must pay an admission fee of ten pounds each, the place is no longer free of strangers and journalists. A gentleman with whom we took an early lunch in London on Gold Cup Day sounded elegiac as he told about the afternoon long ago when King George VI saw a woman in a bare-midriff dress in the Enclosure and ordered her expelled for life. "She never did get back in, you know," our friend said proudly. "She's dead now."

It was a cool, English sort of afternoon, and there was a soaking shower as we arrived at the track. Nothing could daunt the crowd on this occasion, however, for it was Gold Cup Day, one of the great holidays on the British sporting calendar. It is also known, for excellent reasons, as Ladies' Day. Moments after the rain stopped, just following the first race, the umbrellas came down, the raincoats disappeared, and the paddock turned into a brilliant garden of tulle and silk and colored straw. For once, the jockeys were outshone; as they strode through the crowd toward the mounting ring, whips in hand, their silks vanished in the brightness, like butterflies in a peony bed. The men, in their own way, were just as splendid, for the gray topper and long morning coat, which add both height and slimness to the wearer, are one of the most successful male costumes ever devised. There is something awesomely authoritative about a properly dressed English horse owner, complete with skinny umbrella and gigantic binoculars case, as he folds his arms, tilts his head back, and stares critically at his thoroughbred's fetlocks. All around me, I saw men standing in what seemed to be classic attitudes of elegant boredom—shoulders slumped, hips forward, feet somehow back; they look like a gallery of Edwardian cartoons by Spy or Max Beerbohm.

The most stylish performance of the day, however, was that of the horses—to the aesthetic as well as the financial delight of the large crowds. Predictable racing form is not merely a comfort to bettors but a mark of thoroughbred quality, and the racing part of the audience badly wanted the richly bred, expensive Ascot horses to begin running like champions. You could see these excited expectations in the thick, three-deep rows of spectators surrounding the paddock while the seven powerful runners that were entered in the famous Gold Cup, the race of the week, were being paraded. The Queen, in rose pink, was in the paddock for the occasion, and so was the Queen Mother, in lime green. One of the entries, Donato, wore a buttercup-yellow walking blanket. Most eyes were fixed on the favorite, however—Fighting Charlie, a five-year-old who had won the Gold Cup the previous year and was shooting for the first repeat win in the two-and-a-half-mile event since 1932. The ringsiders' gaze was speculative as well as admiring, for Fighting Charlie is a difficult horse to train, and there were reports that his forelegs were no longer sound. His regular jockey, the much admired Lester Piggott, who steered him to victory last year, had accepted another mount, Aegean Blue, for this year's run.

A narrow band of sunlight broke through just after the post parade, illuminating the wet, deep-emerald turf down by the home turn. Then the barrier flew away, and we saw a race to remember. Aegean Blue led past the

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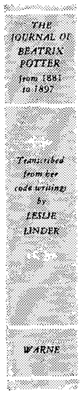
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stands the first time, but Fighting Charlie, highly visible under rose-colored silks, relentlessly put him and two other challengers away, and had a lead of three or four lengths with half a mile to go. Then, just before the home turn, there was a sudden gasp from the crowd as the favorite swerved violently to the left, almost stopping dead, and instantly losing his lead. (His jockey later speculated that he had suffered a severe twinge in one of those touchy forelegs.) All seemed lost, but Fighting Charlie was settled down, and within half a furlong he was once again up with the leaders. I thought he was wobbling a bit as he came up the sloping stretch, but the distance between him and the others increased astonishingly, and he won by a good eight lengths. We all yelled—the first sustained, happy shouting I had heard all week.

My wife and I had bet Fighting Charlie both ways, and I had also correctly picked a pleasing 7–1 shot named Biomydrin to place. Racing class and my betting acumen were reaffirmed in the next race, a mile test for three-year-olds, in which Pretendre, who was beaten by only a neck in this year's Epsom Derby, defeated a good field and disproved the popular notion that Derby leaders are Ascot losers. I had a ticket on Pretendre, my wife had the winner of the next race, and there were a couple of piddling place tickets we barely bothered to cash. Nothing to it. Through some oversight, we had failed to select the six winners for the Jackpot, but no fewer than fifty-six form followers proved how easy *that* was, and picked up £1,504 apiece. I didn't care. I tossed my topper on the back-window shelf of our limousine, and we sailed home. The day's acquisitions also included knowledge of the correct, U. pronunciation of "A-Go-Go," which I learned from the track announcer, who had mentioned a horse by that name in the fourth race. I practiced it all the way home: "Eh-ghaiough-ghaiough."

FRIDAY, the last day, was a bit flat. The crowds were smaller, and perhaps a trifle less delighted with themselves than they had been a day or two earlier. Some of the ladies seemed to have reached that part of their closet where last year's frocks were hung. The party was growing old. My wife and I travelled out to Ascot, in comfortable undress, by train. The ticket queue at Waterloo Station included not only racing gentlemen in gray toppers but thin, unshorn mods in sandals and

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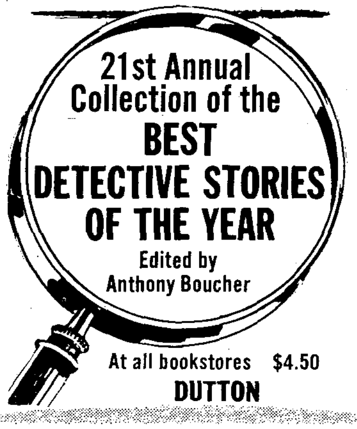

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faded denims—a social brochette that seemed to surprise nobody. Later, in the dining car, I watched two elegant Indian ladies put away their luncheon of salmon and strawberries without once lifting their eyes from the past-performance charts of the *Sporting Life*. Out at the track, there were some spirited performances by good horses—especially in the opener, in which the estimable American five-year-old Hill Rise startled the crowd with a winning burst of speed that took him past the coasting favorite, Silly Season, in the last two jumps. It was pleasing but, by now, unremarkable; Fighting Charlie had spoiled us all. Rain and favorites fell intermittently, the band played "Never Mind the Why or Wherefore," and the last chance at the new Jackpot went up after the fourth race. We won two small bets and lost two. After thirty-three horses came banging down the straight in the Wokingham Stakes, I wondered impertinently why any owner would risk his thoroughbred in a cavalcade whose outcome was so surely determined by luck. Then I shifted my attention to the enclave of women and babies along the Heath rails—the mothers over there still had their eyes nailed to the Royal Box across the way. Looking for a new slice of Ascot, I asked an attendant how I could get across to the Heath. "Can't be done, sir," he said, shocked. "Not from here, leastways. You'd have to go out the gate and walk right round." He shook his head. "You wouldn't want to go over there, sir. You've got all the best of it right here." It came to me then that we had had all the best of Ascot the previous day, and that four days is too long to remain in the past—at least for a visitor untrained to such environs. Ascot had begun to change for me after all. We left before the last race. Out on the High Street, the hawkers' evening newspapers had headlines about the shipping strike and the latest cricket test match, and four blind ex-servicemen were playing saxophones for coppers. The sidewalks were filling up with townspeople, waiting there for a last glimpse of the Queen as she rode home from the racing.

—ROGER ANGELL

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the News*]

Shocking cases of brutality and injustice were revealed by four innocent men who had been convicted, imprisoned—and some even sentenced to the chair—for crimes they had not committed during the span of David Susskind's Open End (WPIX).

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE LEARNING, by Nina Bawden (Harper & Row). A thin and yet extremely real tale of English family life, told by a twelve-year-old girl named Kate Boyd, who lives with her big sister and her little sister and their mother in a doctor's house in a small English town. The doctor, a sympathetic, cheerful man, is the girls' stepfather, and he seems strangely happy with their mother, a sharp, overworried woman, tormented by a secret that is not revealed until the end of the book. Miss Bawden is a good writer, but this story is more than a little long-drawn-out.

SOLDIERS' REVOLT, by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Harper & Row). Here we have a fictional reconstruction of the events that led up to and followed the attempt that was made on Hitler's life in his underground headquarters in East Prussia on July 20, 1944. A thoroughgoing factual reconstruction would have been justified, as well as more interesting. Mr. Kirst's ramshackle, sentimental work is particularly weak in dialogue, and his attempts at characterization are laughable.

GENERAL

THE FIRE AND THE ROSE, by Sir Arthur Bryant (Doubleday). "There are moments," Sir Arthur observes, "when the history of a nation, and sometimes of mankind itself, turns on what, in a few hours, days or weeks, men make of the time given them." In this book, he draws from English history eight such definitive moments, and shows us with his customary narrative vivacity the circumstances that produced them and the nature of their resolution. Four of these are from the Napoleonic period, three are medieval (the murder of Thomas Becket, the battle of Crécy, Wat Tyler's peasant revolt), and one occurred in the late summer of 1651. This last—the defeat of Charles II at Worcester and his adventurous escape through southern England and across the Channel to France—was, of course, an episode of supreme significance, and its reconstruction here is supremely enthralling. Maps.

DIARY OF THE SINAI CAMPAIGN, by Major-General Moshe Dayan (Harper & Row). The Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army during the planning and execution of what is generally regarded as a first-class military action reviews the whole business. Dayan is frank about the ways in which his country's political aims shaped his army's tactics as well as its strategy, and his frankness also extends to unflattering comments about large matters (British foreign policy) and small (the performance of a few Israeli units). His notions about fighting will no doubt be valuable to professionals. The non-professional reader may find Dayan's personality the most interesting feature of the book: he is orderly, like Bradley; aggressive, like Patton; and, like Montgomery, almost mischievously outspoken.

MUSIC IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by William W. Austin (Norton). Probably the most thoughtful, balanced, and exhaustive book on this controversial subject to appear thus far. Mr. Austin, a professor of music at Cornell, has wisely limited his critical judgments to the works of composers born before 1910, though he describes those of the more recent ones. As is inevitable in a book of this breadth, and despite an almost incredible display of erudition, there are points of emphasis with which one reader or another will disagree. The treatment of jazz is, for the most part, historical and biographical, and when it is musicological it is somewhat superficial. Some will dislike the overwhelming importance given to Stravinsky as compared with Richard Strauss. But these are relatively small points, considering the book's enormous scope and the author's admirable detachment from doctrinaire points of view. Fifteen dollars.

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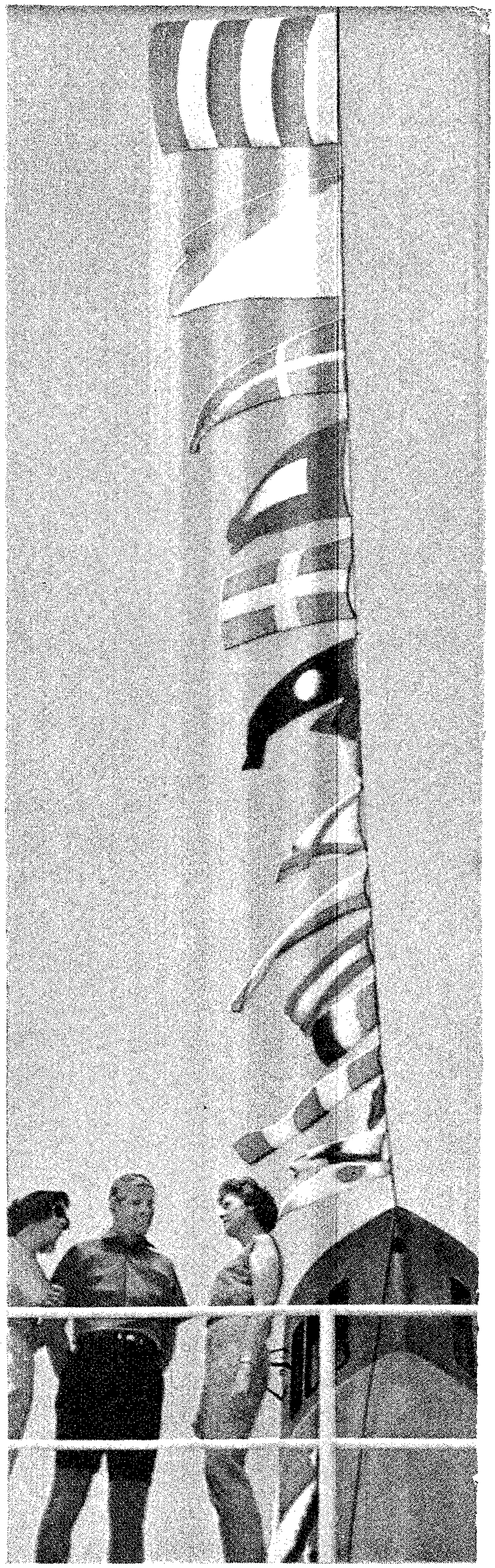

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